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Melbourne Progressive Lyceum

Lyceum leader

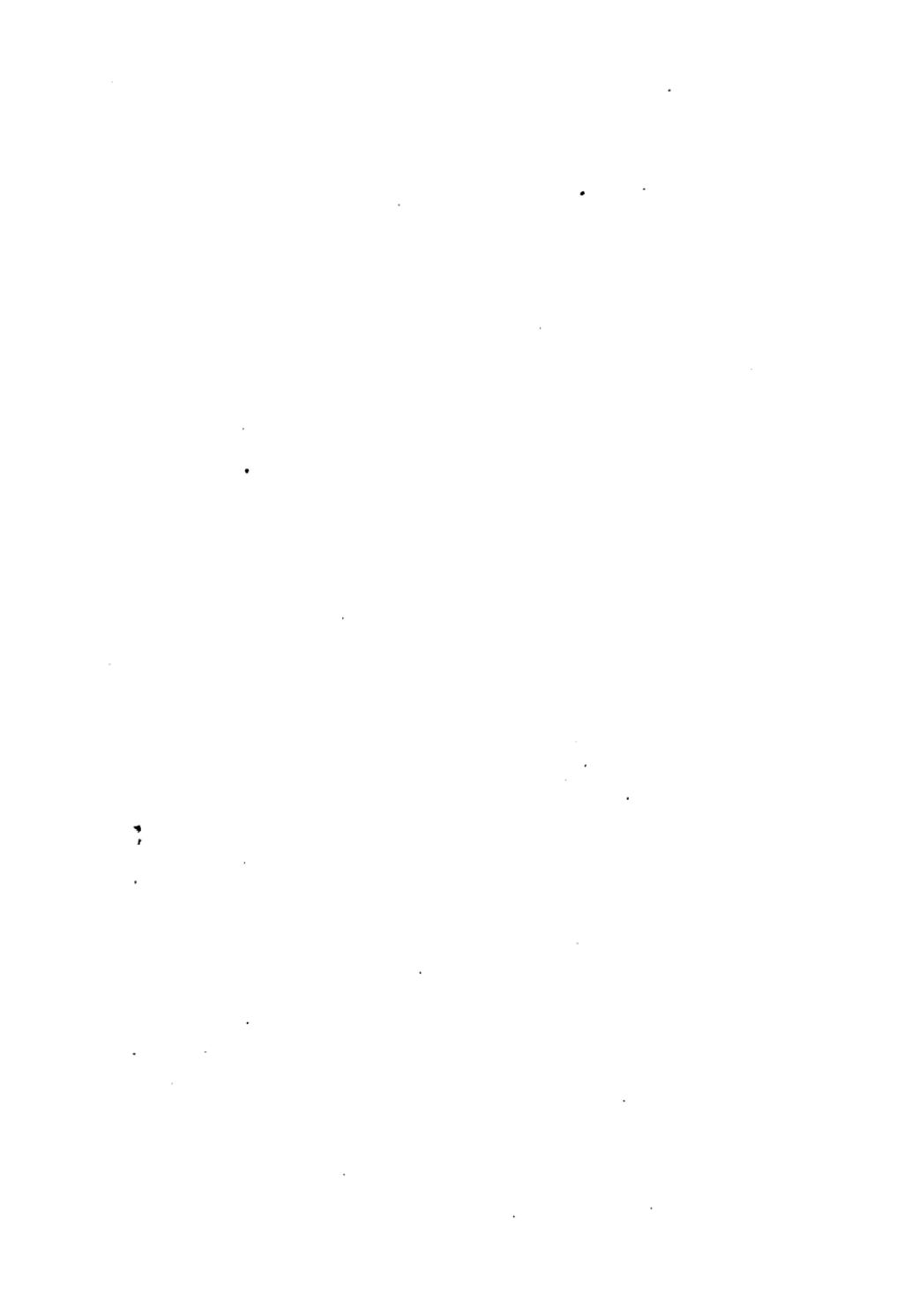


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THE
LYCEUM LEADER,

COMPILED FROM THE
LYCEUM GUIDE

FOR THE

Melbourne Progressive Lyceum,

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

■ 000526

SECOND EDITION.

Melbourne:
E. PURTON & CO., STEAM PRINTERS,
106, ELIZABETH STREET.

1881.



PREFACE.

THE first edition of this work, published in 1877, and edited by "A. D." was intended to meet the present requirements and growing needs of the local Lyceum. The establishment of a kindred institution in Sydney, and their adoption of the same text book, used up the edition more rapidly than was at first anticipated, and for some time past the Sydney Lyceum has been considerably cramped in its action for want of them. To meet this want, and provide for the extension of the Lyceum movement in Victoria, the present edition has been published.

Excellent as was the former edition, experience showed that like all other mundane things it could be improved upon, but on the other hand it was seen that any radical change, either in its contents or their arrangement, would render comparatively useless the large number of the former edition now in circulation, I have therefore been content to strike out the long Ode of Derzhavin and two shorter ones rarely used by the Lyceum, and having filled their places with something more useful, have added a few pages of additional and appropriate matter to the end of the book, extra sheets of which have been printed, and can be procured, to attach as an addenda to the old edition.

The complaint made by many of the size of the former "Leader," has been met as far as practicable by condensing the matter and cutting down the size of the pages.

The "Lyceum Leader" is not only a text book for the Lyceum, but is full of excellent matter adapted for home and general reading.

W. H. TERRY.

Melbourne, February, 1881.

THE LYCEUM.

The Lyceum is an adaptation of the spiritual system of education to our material conditions. Andrew Jackson Davis, the gifted seer, whilst in an illuminated state, saw one of these Summerland schools in session, and being impressed with its superiority over those prevailing here, wrote and published a Manual, and started the first Lyceum at New York in 1863. Subsequently, in 1870, Messrs. Peebles, Barrett, and Emma Tuttle compiled a more complete and comprehensive "Guide," introducing by the aid of a musical friend appropriate music to the songs, and giving the whole formula of the system. This book is unfortunately out of print, and copies difficult to obtain; to reprint it in full would be too expensive an undertaking, and beyond present requirements, as a sufficient number are in the hands of leaders and officers of the Colonial Lyceums for the purpose of instruction.

The central idea of the system is the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, and religious faculties of the children, and the preservation of their individuality—to educe all the good that is in them, and encourage a proper independence. How this is done is described on page 78. As no dogma is taught in the school, Freethinkers and Liberals of all denominations may safely allow their children to avail themselves of its advantages.

GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

No. 1.

Beatitudes.

Conductor.—Blessed are the faithful ;

Children.—For they shall dwell in the confidence of men and of angels.

Conductor.—Blessed are the dutiful ;

Leaders.—For they shall find the peace which cannot be bought nor sold.

Conductor.—Blessed are the punctual ;

Children.—For they have learned the lesson which stars and planets teach. They are students of God.

Conductor.—Blessed are the orderly ;

Leaders.—For theirs is the first law of progress.

Conductor.—Blessed are the innocent ;

Children.—For they shall have peace of conscience.

Conductor.—Blessed are the pure in heart ;

Leaders.—For they shall see God.

Conductor.—Blessed are the faithful, the dutiful, the punctual, the orderly, the innocent, the pure in heart.

All.—For theirs is the republic of heaven.

—:o:—

No. II.

The World is full of Beauty.

1.

There lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart ;
And its sweet lisplings win me till the tears a-trembling start.
Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,
And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to me :
 This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

2.

If faith and hope and kindness passed, as coin, 'twixt heart and heart,
How through the eyes tear-blindness should the sudden soul upsetart !
The dreary, dim, and desolate should wear a sunny bloom,
And love should spring from buried hate like flowers from winter's tomb
 This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

3.

With truth our uttered language, angels might talk with men,
And, God-illumined, earth should see the golden age again ;
The burdened heart should soar in mirth, like morn's young prophet lark,
And misery's last tear wept on earth quench hell's last cunning spark.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

4.

The leaf tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God,
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me :
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

—:o:—

No. III.

Invocation to the Infinite.

O INFINITE source of wisdom and love !
In the morning of my days, ere temptations have brought their
sorrows, Oh teach me truth !
Give me knowledge, that I may shun the evil, and choose the good.
Let wise and loving angels guard the springs of my youth.
Let my worship be the purities of health, the strength of moral heroism,
the offerings of noble thoughts, and the sacrifices of daily charities.
And may my heaven be found in the fruitions of a well-ordered life !

—:o:—

No. IV.

Invocation to our Divinities.

1.

O Spirit of Light ; may the time hasten on,
When wronging and crime from our midst shall have gone,
And the gospel of angels, throughout the broad land,
Like a beautiful bride at our home-altars stand !

2.

O Spirit of Peace ! may the dark waves subside
That dash us about on contention's fierce tide,
And warring winds hush at the fiat of will,
That speaks to the soul of the rocker, "Be still ! "

3.

O Spirit of Love ! with thy magical wand
Touch sweetly each heart in our sin-shrouded land,
And make, with thy roseate tintings of light,
The sable-hued garments of mortals more bright.

4.

O Spirit of Truth ! may the sound of thy feet,
Like the firm tread of armies that know not defeat,
Be heard in our land ; and thy strong arm of might
Be lifted to aid those who stand for the right.

5.

O Spirit of Man ! bound in fetters of clay,
While swiftly the moments of time flee away,
Work hard for all truth while those brief moments last,
That thy life may be sweet when the earth-shores are past.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz.

—:o:—

No. V.

Prayer to the Virtues.

O ANGEL of love ! dwell in our bosoms as the dove of innocence.
O angel of wisdom ! enlighten our understandings with the
beauties thou dost unfold from spiritual affections.

O angel of justice ! balance our forces of character to equalise the
blessings of life.

O angel of truth ! free us from false traditions and habits, and sit as
a serene judge in the chambers of a clear conscience.

O angel of modesty ! lead us to childhood of spirit, that we may love
and cultivate the flowers of simplicity.

O angel of mercy ! teach us charity and forgiveness, and breathe on
us the heavenly spirit of sympathy for the suffering.

O angel of the pure in heart ! hallow all our loves to holiness.

O angel of harmony ! we pray for rest of soul, for thy philanthropy,
for the heaven of universal peace.

O ye angels of virtue ! chasten every affection of our being to love
as you love the beautiful, the good, and the true.

J. O. Barrett.

—:o:—

No. VI.

The Spirit World.

1.

THE spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

2.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires :
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

3.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants, and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

4.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
 Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
 Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
 Into the realms of mystery and night;

5.

So from the world of spirits there descends
 A bridge of light connecting it with this,
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bands,
 Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

—:—

Longfellow.

No. VII.

The Inner Judge.

<i>Conductor.</i> —Preserve thyself.	<i>Members.</i> —Purify thyself.
" Develop thyself.	" Deny thyself.
" Know thyself,	" Moderate thyself.
" Instruct thyself.	" Celebrate thyself.
" Affirm thyself.	" Harmonise thyself.

The great Judge of the world is inherent Justice.
 The Supreme pierces into the recesses of the heart, as light penetrates
 into a dark room. We must endeavour to be in harmony with this light,
 like a musical instrument perfectly attuned.

Behold a part of God himself within thee! Remember thine own
 dignity, nor dare descend to evil or meanness.

*Confucius.**Brahminic.*

—:—

No. VIII.

1.

If men cared less for wealth and fame
 And less for battle-fields and glory;
 If, writ in human hearts, a name
 Seemed better than in song or story;
 If men, instead of nursing pride,
 Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
 If more relied
 On love to guide—
 The world would be the better for it.

2.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands
 And more in bonds and deeds fra-
 [ternal;
 If love's work had more willing
 [hands,
 To link this world with the supernal;
 If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
 And on bruised human hearts would
 [pour it;
 If "yours" and "mine"
 Would once combine—
 The world would be the better for it.

3.

If more would act the play of life,
 And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
 If Bigotry would sheath its knife
 Till good became more universal;
 If Custom, gray with ages grown,
 Had fewer blind men to adore it;
 If talent shone
 In truth alone—
 The world would be the better for it.

4.

If men were wise in little things,
 Affecting less in all their dealings;
 If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
 To isolate their kindred feelings;
 If men, when wrong beats down the
 [right,
 Would strike together to restore it;
 If right made might
 In every fight—
 The world would be the better for it.

M. H. Cobb.

No. IX.

Disappointments.

WELCOME disappointment ! Thy hand is cold and hard ;
 But it is the hand of a friend.
 Thy voice is stern and harsh ; but it is the voice of a friend.
 Oh ! there is something sublime in calm endurance.
 Something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success.
 Disappointments are the sunken piers upon which are rested the bridges to more rational hopes and achievements.
 Then let us not drown them in thoughtless merriment
 It is a treacherous peace which is purchased by indulgence. Rather should we take them to our hearts, until we grow wiser and stronger.
 Welcome disappointment !
 Thy hand is cold and hard ; but it is the hand of a friend. *Longfellow.*

—;o:—

No. X.

The Promised Land To-morrow.

1.

High hopes that burn like stars | The world rolls freedom's radiant
 [sublime] [way],
 Go down the heavens of freedom ; And ripens with our sorrow :
 And true hearts perish in the time And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
 We bitterliest need them : Brings victory to-morrow.

But never sit we down and say, "There's nothing left but sorrow."
 We walk the wilderness to-day,
 The promised land to-morrow.

4.

Through all the long dark night of [years]
 The people's cry ascended ; And earth was wet with blood and [tears].
 Ere their meek sufferance ended ; The few shall not for ever sway—
 The many toil in sorrow ; The bars of hell are strong to-day,
 But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

5.

O Youth, flame earnest—still aspire With energies immortal ;
 To many a heaven of desire, Your yearning opes a portal :
 And though age wearies by the way, And hearts break in the furrow,
 We'll sow the golden grain to-day— The harvest comes to-morrow.

Gerald Massey.

3.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, [our eyes]
 With smiling futures glisten ; Lo ! now the dawn bursts up the [skies,
 Lean out your souls and listen,

No. XI.

The Religion of Health.

WHAT is our baptism ?
Frequent ablutions in pure water.

What is our eucharist ?

Nutritious food and cold water.

What is our inspiration ?

Plenty of sunlight and fresh air.

What is our prayer ?

Abundant exercise.

What is our pledge of holiness ?

Personal cleanliness.

What is our "love-feast" ?

A clear conscience and sound sleep.

What is our bond of fellowship ?

Sweet affections and harmonious social relations.—J. O. Barrett.

.0:

No. XII.

Health is Wealth.

A clear bright eye	And a chest so grand
That can pierce the sky	That the lungs expand
With the strength of an eagle's	Exultant without the striving ;
[vision,	
And a steady brain	4.
That can bear the strain	A breath like morn,
And shock of the world's collision ;	When the crimson dawn
2.	
A well-knit frame,	Is fresh in its dewy sweetness ;
With the ruddy flame	A manner bright,
Aglow, and the pulses leaping	And a spirit light,
With the measured time	With joy at its full completeness.
Of a dulcet rhyme,	5.
Their beautiful record keeping ;	Oh ! give me these,
3.	
A rounded cheek,	Nature's harmonies,
Where the roses speak	And keep all your golden treasures ;
Of a soil that is rich for thriving,	For what is wealth
.0.	
	To the boon of health
	And its sweet attendant pleasures !
	<i>Mrs. M. A. Kidder.</i>

No. XIII.

The Senses.

THY soul is the monarch of thy frame ; suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers ; so runneth thy life from the heart outwards, and so returneth it unto its place again.

Keep the currents of life pure by pure habits, and all thy being shall be healthful.

O. Barrett.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Preserve thy soul in moderation ; teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good : so shall these, its ministers, be always to thee conveyances of truth.

Why, of all things living, art thou made capable of blushing ? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face ; therefore do nothing shameful.

Brahminic.

—:0:—

No. XIV.

There's no Dearth of Kindness.

1.

THERE'S no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours ;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
Outward we are spurning,
Trampling one another ;
While we are only yearning
At the name of "Brother."

2.

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind ;
But, in darkling loneliness,
Hooded hearts grow blind.
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
While they might be mingling
In one kindred whole.

3.

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart for ever ;
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

4.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours ;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
Oh ! cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above ;
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for love.

Gerald ass.

—:0:—

No. XV.

Charity.

Conductor.—What is the bond of union ?

Leaders.—Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.

Conductor.—What is the commandment of brotherhood ?

Children.—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Conductor.—What is the law of angels ?

Leaders.—All men are my brothers ; all women are my sisters ; all children are my children.

Conductor.—What does love require ?

All.—Instruction for the ignorant, sympathy for the fallen, rest for the weary, kindness to the unthankful, succour to the distressed, forgiveness to the erring.

Conductor.—Little children, love one another.

A. J. Davis.

No. XVI.
On the Other Side.

1.

WE go our way in life too much alone ;
We hold ourselves too much from all our kind ;
Too often are we deaf to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless, blind ;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

2.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day :
Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn,
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet a guide ;
They lead us all upon the other side.

3.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones ;
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
And bear them where the stream of blessing runs.
Instead, we look about, the way is wide,
And so we pass by on the other side.

4.

O friends and brothers ! gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears :
God bids you listen to the thrilling call ;
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltless by upon the other side.

L. B. Baker.

XVII.

The Unity and Eternity of Labour.

WHAT a glorious thing is human life !
How glorious man's destiny !
We behold all round about us, one vast union.
No man can labour for himself,
Without labouring at the same time for all others.
This truth becomes an inward benediction, lifting the soul mightily
upward.
The feeling of our dignity and power grows strong when we say :
Being is not objectless and vain ; we are all necessary links in the great
chain which reaches forward into eternity.
All the great and wise and good whose names we read in the world's
history have laboured for us.
We have entered into their harvest.
We tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow.

We can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook ;
 We can try to make our common brotherhood wiser and happier ;
 We can build forward where they were forced to leave off,
 And bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted.

And at length we, too, must leave it and go hence.

Oh ! this is the sublimest thought of all.

We can never finish the noble task of life ;

We can never cease to work—we can never cease to be.

What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never-ending.

No period is set to our being ; we are eternal.

Longfellow.

—:—
No. XVIII.

Life Builders.

1.

HOW the busy builders throng !
 Ever coming, ever going,
 Day by day their great walls growing
 To the hammer's ringing song.
 Whether reared on fashion's high-
 [way,
 Or on close and crowded by-way,
 Still are homes for men upspringing,
 Still is Labour's anthem ringing,
 Where the workman plays his part,
 Stout of hand and true of heart.

2.

Thus with deeper meaning fraught,
 Viewless mansions all are rearing,
 On their shadowy walls appearing
 All the work our hands have
 [wrought.
 Though we build for song or story,
 Carve out cross or crown of glory,
 Silently and very slowly
 Build we on foundations lowly
 Laid with word, or deed, or pen,
 Hidden in the hearts of men.

3.

Therefore should we build, my friend,
 Nobly with high scorn refusing
 Low aims offered for the using,
 Doubtful ways to some good end.
 Write above life's archway golden,
 These strong words of knighthood
 [golden,
 “ *Better stony truths unfearing*
Than a lie with smooth concering ;
Richer Honor's empty purse
Than a pilfered universe. ”

4.

Lay foundations deep and wide,
 Not on white sands idly drifting,
 But upon the rocks, uplifting
 All their grandeur o'er the tide ;
 Build so wide that every other
 Struggling soul shall be your brother,
 Light a beacon for the weary,
 Toiling long through darkness
 [dreary,
 That your towers may stand com-
 [plete,
 Crowned with benedictions sweet.

5.

Let your works be fair to see ;
 Trace the lines of grace and beauty
 Round the rugged front of duty ;
 And, where'er your lot may be—
 Wayside tent, or marble palace,
 Cottage girt about with lilies—
 Make life something worth the liv-
 [ing ;
 Use God's gifts, whate'er the giving,
 And his record pure shall tell
 You have builded true and well.

6.

Build your mansion sure, my friend,
 From foundation-stone to rafter,
 Build it for the vast hereafter,
 Making strength and beauty blend
 Like a hint of grace supernal,
 Where the shafts of sunrise quiver
 O'er the homes beyond the river,
 On the streets by angels trod,
 In the city of our God.

Annie Herfort.

No. XIX.

True Womanhood.

LO ! yonder standeth the house of joy. Within, an angel walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek. On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips ; Her eye speaketh softness and love, and discretion with a sceptre waiteth on her brow. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence ; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent. When scandal is busy, the finger of silence resteth on her lip ; Her breast is the mansion of purity and goodness, Therefore she suspecteth no evil in others. Happy is the man that shall make her his wife, Happy is the son that shall call her mother.

Brahminic.

No. XX.
Spirit Hunger.

1.

COME to me, angels ! the room of my spirit Is garnished and swept for a season by prayer ; I have cast out, just to win you anear it, All the earth-vanities brooding in there.

Come to me, angels ! Lift for a moment my curtain of care.

2.

I am so weary of earthly supineness— Life that is levelled to labour and pay ; I am so hungry for Nature's divineness, Hungry to talk with her just for a day.

Come to me, angels ! Write in my heart the sweet words she would say.

3.

Bear on your wings, in your coming and going, Wafts of her breathing o'er prairie and lea ; Bring me sweet hints, from the May roses blowing, Of Deity's thought sprung to bloom on a tree.

Come to me, angels ! Tell what the roses are keeping for me.

4.

Open to me, by a sacred impressment, Mysteries hid in a gurgle of song, Secrets enfolded in purple carelessness Close to the tubes where the honey-bees throng,

Come to me, angels ! Bearing the bird and bee message along.

—:— *Augusta Cooper Bristol.*

No. XXI.

A Ladder of Light.

WHAT is the first step towards progress?

A desire to know and follow truth.

What is the second step?

A willingness to receive it, without dictating how it shall come.

What is the third step ?

Courage to cherish and defend it, making it a part of our lives.

What law of progress ought we always to remember ?

Fraternal love. We should do as we would be done by.

What is the first lesson in fraternal love ?

Faith in our fellow-beings ; faith that there is in every human soul a desire to be good.

What does this faith teach us ?

Charity, which covereth a multitude of sins ; that sins flow from weakness and imperfection, and we pity where we cannot blame.

Does charity necessitate toleration ?

"The greatest good of the greatest number," should be the motto of nations and individuals.

What is the grand ultimate of truth ?

The truth shall make you free. Emma Tuttle.

— : —

No. XXII.

When this old Earth is Righted.

1.

I searched the volume of my heart,
I spread its purple lips apart,
Its leaves with inspiration's art,
And prophecy indited.

Entranced with trope and mystic
[rhyme,
I caught the symphony sublime,
The prelude of the coming time ;
I saw the old Earth righted.

2.

Thou shalt lay cross and burden down,
Humanity, and take thy crown,
The bride of heaven in lily gown,
With every wrong requited ;
Enthroned for thy achievement vast,
With each ideal of the past
One grand reality at last,
When this old Earth is righted.

3.

And nations shall not then, as now,
The cause of righteousness avow,
With "ego" written on the brow ;
But each to each united
Shall wear the badge of sacrifice,
And drop the hypocrite's disguise,
And face high heaven with honest
[eyes,
When this old Earth is righted.

4.

No more before Redemption's gate,
Stumbling at prejudice and hate,
Humanity shall hesitate,
To liberty half plighted ;

For truths that loosely lie apart
Shall be inwrought into the heart
By Reason's skill and Wisdom's art,
When this old Earth is righted.

5.

And Freedom's march no more shall
[pause
At God Almighty's broken laws.
The full requirements of her cause
Shall nevermore be slighted ;
Nor civic strategy elude
Equality and brotherhood ;
And Justice shall pronounce it good
When this old Earth is righted.

6.

And woman's life no more shall be
The playground of hypocrisy,
But earnest, natural, and free ;
And love shall stay unfrighted,
And reign in sacred, sweet content,
And offer service reverent ;
For marriage shall be sacrament
When this old Earth is righted.

7.

Then urge thy tardy courser, Time !
We watch to hail the blessed prime,
We listen for the morning chime
That heralds the long-plighted :
Humanity and the Divine
Shall wed at Nature's sacred shrine,
Completing Infinite design,
When this old Earth is righted.

Augusta Cooper Bristol.

No. XXIII.

Esteem Thyself.

WHAT should be the first ambition of every one?
 To command his own esteem. One cannot retain the esteem of others who is not worthy of his own.
 Is self-esteem vanity?

No. It is the consciousness of having lived righteously.
 Can we esteem ourselves when we cheat and deceive our fellow-beings?
 No. We feel that we do not deserve trust; we grow weak, faltering, and unsafe.

How can we best gain our own esteem?
 By being honest in our dealings, truthful in the utterances of our opinions, brave in vindicating them when assailed, and courageous in living them, always testing their merits by their results. Emma Tuttle.

—:o:—

No. XXIV.

The Happy Life.

1.

HOW happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

2.

Those passions not his masters are.
 Whose soul is still prepared for
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame, or private breath.

3.

Who envies none that chance doth
 Raise,
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by
 Praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

4.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong
 [retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers
 [feed,

Nor ruin make oppressors great;

5.

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to
 Lend;

And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend :

6.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of
 Lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

—:o:—

No. XXV.

The Kingdoms of Nature.

WHAT is the lowest kingdom in nature?
 The mineral.

What is the name of that kingdom immediately above the mineral?
 The vegetable.

What is next above the vegetable?

The animal.

What above the animal?

The human.

What rises above the human, the highest and most glorious of all ;
The spiritual,
 What do you mean by the mineral kingdom ?
The base of the grand pyramid of existence.
 What do you mean by the vegetable kingdom ?
The first step of this pyramid, wrought by the action of living forces.
 What do you mean by the animal kingdom ?
The second step, including the vast domain from the begining of sentient life to the bound's of the human.
 What do you mean by the human kingdom ?
The third step, on which man stands alone, as the representative of developed reason and intellect, and prophecy of immortality.
 What do you mean by the spiritual kingdom ?
The infinite apex, the crowning glory of Life's grand pyramid ; the region of infinite force, and the destination of all progress. Hudson Tuttle.

— 10: —
No. XXVI.

The voice of Progress.

1.

CAN ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
 Or chain the wings of the morning light ?
 Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
 Or bind the thunders in silent sleep ?
 The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
 The thunders of heaven, all answer, No !

2.

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth,
 The earthquake still in its awful birth ?
 Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,
 Or the pulse of the universe pause for thee ?
 The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
 The pulse of the universe, answer, No !

3

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire,
 Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire ?
 Or stay the soul when it soars away,
 In glorious life from the mouldering clay ?
 The truth that liveth, the thoughts that grow,
 The spirit ascending, all answer, No !

4.

O priest ! O despot ! *your doom* they speak ;
 For God is mighty, as ye are weak.
 Your night and your winter from earth must roll,
 Your chains must melt from the limb and soul.
 Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe ;
 Shall ye triumph much longer ? we answer, No !

5.

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled ;
 On the broken heart of a famished world,
 Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,

Ye have made its children a race of slaves,
O'er the future age shall the ruin go?
We gather against ye, and answer, No!

6.

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers ;
But weak are ye, for the *truth* is ours.
In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move ;
But we are stronger, *our strength is love*.
Can truth be slain with a curse or blow ?
The beautiful heavens, they answer, No !

7.

The wintry night of the world is past,
The day of humanity dawns at last ;
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And prophets and heroes and seers arise.
Their words and deeds like the thunder go :
Can ye stifle their voices ? they answer, No !

8.

It is God who speaks in their words of might ;
It is God who acts in their deeds of right.
Lo ! Eden waits, like a radiant bride :
Humanity springeth close to her side.
Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow ?

The voice of Divinity answers, No.

T. L. Harris.

—o—

No. XXVII.

Matter and Spirit.

WHAT are the two great divisions of nature ?

Matter and spirit.

What is matter ?

The material of which everything is made.

What is spirit ?

It is a pure and eternal force.

Of what is matter composed ?

Atoms.

What is an atom.

It is the indivisible centre from which force emanates.

What are the three states of matter ?

Solid, liquid, and gaseous.

How do we learn the qualities of matter ?

By means of its emanating force or spirit.

Do we know anything of matter except by means of its forces ?

It is unseen, unfelt, and unknown.

Will you illustrate this grand truth ?

As we learn of the sun by means of its light, heat, and gravitation, so do we learn of the atom by its attraction, methods of combination and other qualities. When we come in contact with a solid, it is not the atom we touch, we only touch the sphere of its emanating force.

What is the relation between matter and force ?

They are inseparable, and co-eternal.

Hudson Tuttle.

XXVIII.
The Divine Order.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He feels, He bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease, then, nor order imperfection name,
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame,
Know thy own point ; this kind, this due, degree
Of blindness, weakness Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit,—in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear ;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good ;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right.*

Alexander Pope.

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No XXIX.
The Three Rules.

WHAT is the lowest rule of human conduct
The Iron Rule.

What is the next higher rule ?

The Silver Rule.

What is the highest rule of human conduct ?

The Golden Rule.

What is the Iron Rule ?

Evil for Evil.

What is the Silver Rule ?

Good for Good.

What is the Golden Rule ?

Good for Evil.

Why do you consider the Iron Rule the lowest ?

Because it is the expression of the animal faculties of the mind, and the law of brutes and savages.

Why is the Silver Rule better ?

Because it is the Golden Rule half expressed.

Why is the Golden Rule the highest and best?

Because it is the essence of our spiritual perceptions of right; and, flowing from the highest faculties of our nature, must be the best guide in the conduct of life.

A. J. Davis.

—:o:—

No. XXX.

Pride.

BROTHERS! henceforth be warned; and know that Pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness, | that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. | The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look at one
The least of Nature's works, | one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. | Oh, be wiser, ye!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to Love, |
True dignity abides with him alone
Who in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

William Wordsworth.

—:o:—

No. XXXI.

The True and the False.

ANSWER, O soul. What is the sweetest and best of all things?
Love.

What is the worst?

Cruelty.

Answer, O soul! What is the noblest of all things?

To do our duty.

What is the basest?

To be treacherous towards others.

Answer, O soul! What is the grandest of all things?

The divine mind.

What is the meanest?

An envious disposition.

Answer, O soul! What is the purest of all things?

Charity.

What is the foulest?

A slanderous tongue.

Answer, O soul! What is the most beautiful of all things?

A good life.

What is the least?

A deformed spirit.

Answer, O soul! What is the wisest of all things?

Adherence to truth.

What is the most foolish?

Vanity.

Answer, O soul! What is the rarest of all things?

A mind which is purely self-sustaining.

What is the most pleasing of all things ?

A contemplation of all God's excellencies.

What is the most distressing ?

The contemplation of Vice and its attendant evils.

Mrs. E. S. Ledsham.

—:—

No. XXXII.

Human Beauty.

AND is thy young eye dazzled with the pleasant form of beauty ? This is but a lower love ; still it hath its honor : What God hath made, and meant to charm, let no man despise. Nevertheless, as Reason's child, look thou wisely farther ; For age, disease, and care, and sin shall tarnish all the surface, Reach a loftier love ; be lured by the comeliness of mind,— Gentle, kind, and calm or lustrous in the livery of knowledge. And more, there is a higher grade. Force the mind to its perfection ; Win those golden trophies of consummate love. Add unto the riches of the reason, and a beauty moulded to thy liking, The precious things of nobler grace that well adorn a soul ; Thus be thou owner of a treasure, great in earth and heaven,— Beauty, wisdom, goodness, in a creature like its God.

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No. XXXIII.

A Moral Code.

No wrongful act of another can bring shame on us ; and it is not men's acts which disturb us, but our own opinion of them.

Our own anger hurts us more than the acts themselves.

Benevolence is invincible, if it be not an affected smile, nor acting a part.

Sin is error and ignorance—an involuntary slavery.

Suffer rather than inflict suffering.

Bless them that persecute you.

Marcus Aurelius.

Love is the Life of Man.

Wisdom is the light in which Love sees.

All Religion has relation to Life, and the Life of Religion is to do good.

Emanuel Swedenborg.

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No. XXXIV.

Revelations of the Divine.

1.

THOUGH nature is a veil, of lightnings woven,

Most beautiful and glorious to see,

And registers, in each progressive motion,

The beatings of the heart of Deity ;

Yet, through its folds, His loftiest revelations

Of law and essence have been never made ;

His voice, that awes and thrills the adoring nations,

Comes not with sensual imagery arrayed.

It ripples, bathed in everlasting splendor,

Through veins where Deity hath ever ran ;

And speaks, in tones with Love's rich breathings tender,

From the child-lips and heaven-bright soul of man.

2.

God speaketh in their lives of truth and beauty ;
 God speaketh in their words of prophet fire ;
 God speaketh in their acts of loving duty,
 And noiseless charities that never tire.
 And, haloed round with everlasting lustre,
 They shine transfigured in the might of soul ;
 And thronging generations round them cluster,
 To hear the music from their spirits roll.
 For them earth shines more joyfully and fairer ;
 Each word and deed of right lives on for aye ;
 Each heart-beat of their lives to man brings nearer
 The golden sunrise of the Eden day.

T. L. Harris.

—:o:—
No. XXXV.

Heavenly Wisdom.

Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

Ye are, then, unwise and foolish.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

—:o:—
No. XXXVI.

Wisdom, True Riches.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill, |
 That maketh grieved or happy, rich or poor ; |
 For one that hath abundance at his will |
 Hath not enough, but wants in greater store ; |
 Another that hath little, asks no more, |
 But in that little is both rich and wise ; |
 For wisdom is most riches ; | fools therefore
 They are which Fortune do by vows devise, |
 Since each unto himself his life may fortunise.

Edmund Spenser.

—:o:—

No. XXXVII.

Wisdom True Power.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power, power of herself
 Would come uncalled for, but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And because right is right, to follow right,
 Were Wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Tennyson.

No. XXXVIII.

Wisdom.

WHAT is wisdom ?
To judge liberally, to think purely, and to love thy neighbour.
 Who gains wisdom ?
He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources.
 Who is the mighty man ?
He who subdueth his temper,
 Who is rich ?
He who is content with his lot.
 Who is deserving of honor ?
He who honoureth mankind.
 Study is more than sacrifice.
Charity is greater than all.

The Talmud.

No. XXXIX.

The Happy Warrior.

WHO is the happy warrior ? Who is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be
 It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought ; }
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That make the path before him always bright ;
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;
 By objects which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate,
 'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Who fixes good on good alone, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows ;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with strong singleness of aim,
 And through the heat of conflict keeps the law,
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.
 'Tis finally the man, who lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye, }
 Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be one ;
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;

And not content that former worth stands fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self surpassed : }
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ; }
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws }
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause ;
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

William Wordsworth

—:o:—

No. XL.

Truth.

THE inquiry of Truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it ; the knowledge of Truth, which is the presence of it ; and the belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it ; is the sovereign good of human nature.

It is better to have no opinion of God at all, than such a one as is unworthy of him.

It is Heaven upon Earth to have a man's mind move in Charity, rest in Prudence, and turn upon the poles of Truth.

Superstition is the reproach of Deity. *Francis Bacon.*

Nor is there any higher grace given to man, spirit, or angel, than that of loving Truth because it is Truth, since in that affection they have Heaven with all its blessedness. *Emanuel Swedenborg.*

—:o:—

No. XLI.

A Psalm of Life.

1.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

2.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

3.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;

But to act that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day,

4.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts though stout & brave
 Still, like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

5.

In the world's broad field of battle
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

6.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living present !
 Heart within, and God o'er head !

7.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sand of time ;

8.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing shall take heart again.

9.

Let us, then, be up and doing
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

—:—
No. XLII.

Death.

What is Death ?

A condition of life consequent upon its fuller unfoldment.

What is the law of life ?

Eternal Progression.

Whence and whither.

From imperfection towards perfection.

By what means.

The expansion of sympathy, the acquisition of knowledge, and thus the increase of power.

What do we leave at Death ?

The physical body, and all pertaining only to it.

What do we retain ?

The character and intelligence fashioned on earth, still pursuing its development.

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No. XLIII.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

- 1 **S**AINT Augustine ! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame ;
- 2 All common things, each day's events,
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.
- 3 The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph not for truth ;
 The hardening of the heart, that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;
- 4 All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds
 That have their roots in thoughts of ill ;
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will ;

5 All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
 In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain,

6 We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time

H. W. Longfellow.

—:—

No. XLIV.

Spiritualism.

WHERE are the dead ?
They inhabit invisible spheres of loveliness and glory amid the interstellar spaces.
 Can they re-visit the earth ?
Yes, they do so continually ; watching or assisting those to whom they are attracted.
 Can we communicate with them ?
Yes, under appropriate conditions.
 Are all such as speak with us capable and veracious ?
Not necessarily. Only the discipline of long periods of time can thoroughly efface the stains upon some souls.
 What, then, is our criterion ?
An unbiased judgment, a deliberate exercise of the Reason.
 What is the universal revelation as to their own forms and that of their surroundings ?
That they resemble those of earth as the flower does the bud, or the man the child, from which he sprang.
 The change, then, is one of growth in all respects ?
Yes ; Humanity and Nature are eternal, but substance is infinitely variable, perpetually increasing in refinement, purity, and beauty. A.D.

—:—

No. XLV.

Spiritual Communion.

HOW pure at heart, how sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold,
 Should be the man whose thought would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.
 In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.
 They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

Tennyson.

—:o:—

No. XLVI.

Spirit.

What is the Spirit?

Affection, and intelligence,—A self-conscious being enclosed in human form the noblest manifestation of Deity.

What is its destiny?

Everlasting life and everlasting ascension through endless realms of thought and action.

What are its Laws?

Justice and Truth, Love and Wisdom.

What is the consequence of obedience to these?

Swift progress to happiness and power.

What is the consequence of neglecting them?

Retarded growth, weakness and suffering.

Is this seen on earth?

Only partially, its full reality is discovered in the hereafter.

What do Spirits teach us is the one salvation?

A spiritual life.

What are the characteristics of a spiritual life?

Temperance and study, aspiration and charity, self-denial, the practice of the virtues, and the cultivation of our higher nature in all its faculties.

A. D.

—:o:—

No. XLVII.

Work is prayer.

3.

1.
Brothers! be ye who ye may,
Sons of men. I bid ye pray!
Pray unceasing, pray with might,
Pray in darkness, pray in light.
Life hath yet no hours to spare :
Life is toil, and toil is prayer!

2.
Life is toil ; and all that lives
Sacrifice of labour gives :
Water, fire, and air and earth,
Rest not, pause not, from their birth
Sacred toil doth nature share :
Love and labor ! work is prayer.

Patriot! toiling for thy kind,
Thou shall break the chains that bind
Shape thy thought & mould thy plan.
Toil for freedom, toil for man ;
Sagely think, and boldly dare :
Labor, labor ! work is prayer !

4.

Brother! round thee brothers stand,
Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand;
Raise the downcast, help the weak ;
Toil for good, for virtue speak.
Let thy brother be thy care :
Labor, labor ! work is prayer.

Duganne.

Man.

No. XLVIII.

THE world is sustained by four things only.

1. The learning of the wise.
The justice of the great.
The prayers of the good.
The valour of the brave.

The Koran.

The best preacher is the heart.
The best teacher is time.
The best book is the world.
The best friend is God.

The Talmud.

What a piece of work is man !
How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculties !
In form and moving how express and admirable !
In action how like an angel.
In apprehension how like a God !

Shakespeare.

—:—

XLIX.

The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine.

1.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine,
My censor's breath the mountain airs
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

And the pale stars shall be at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

4.

The heaven on which 'tis bliss to
[look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of
[flame
The glories of thy wondrous name.

5.

There's nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars
[that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity. *Moore.*

2.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
When murmur'ring homeward to their
[caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music breathes of
[thee !

3.

I'll seek some glade with beauty
[fraught
All light and silent, like thy thought;

—:—

No. L.

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

What is the law of liberty ?

The right of every man to act as he pleases, providing that he infringes not upon the equal rights of all other men.

What is the law of mental freedom ?

Tolerance. The right of every mind to think and judge for itself upon all matters of belief and opinion.

What is the law of Equality ?

That to all the same opportunities of attaining knowledge and power shall be thrown open unreservedly.

What is the law of Fraternity ?

That every man is bound to assist his comrades, and to work with them as a brother, instead of against them as an enemy, making love the guide, as well as the crown of human achievements.

What is the basis of these laws ?

Conscience and Justice, the common conscience of mankind:

What is the completion of the Law of Liberty as taught by conscience ?

That of Duty, which imperatively demands of each subserviency to right, fulfilment of obligations, and earnest activity in doing good.

What is the completion of the Law of Equality ?

That of Individuality, which discovers to us that absolute equality or similarity of natural gifts is unknown, and that therefore we must allow for differences and degrees.

What is the completion of Fraternity ?

That of Wisdom, which demands the due development of each along with that of the whole, and recognises itself as a component unit of the humanity which it is its life-purpose to exalt.

How then shall the World be made a Heaven ?

The power is within us. Justice and Tolerance, Liberty and Duty, Equality and Individuality, Fraternity and Wisdom, are the angels of our deliverance.

But the beginning and the end of all is Love.

A. D.

—:0:—

LI.

The Old and the New.

1.

Oh ! sometimes gleams upon our
[sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal
[right !

And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.
That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

2.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here :
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the New transcends the Old
In signs and tokens manifold :
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

3.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds
[of fear

A light is breaking calm and clear.
Henceforth my heart shall sigh no

[more

For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and
[there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

Whittier.

PART II.

MUSICAL READINGS.

[In these readings singing may be introduced at the points marked with *]

No. I.

Always a Future.

1 **I** BEHELD a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
 And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day,
 While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
 Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way.
 And the gate, for ever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
 Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;
 And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling ;
 And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word, " Evermore ! "

*
 2 And, as I gazed and listened, came a mortal wildly weeping ;
 " I have lost my hopes for ever ; one by one they went away ;
 The idols of my patient love the cold grave hath in keeping.
 Life is one long lamentation ; I know no night nor day ! "
 Then the angel, softly speaking, " Stay, mourner, stay thy shrieking ;
 Thou shalt find those thou art seeking, beyond that golden door."
 Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
 " They whom thy sad soul loveth shall be with thee evermore ! "

*
 3 I saw a toiler enter, to rest for aye from labour ;
 The weary-hearted exile there found his native land ;
 The beggar there could greet the king as equal and a neighbour ;
 The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.
 And the gate, for ever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
 Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;
 And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
 While the vision faded from me, with the glad word " Evermore ! "

**No. II.
Rest for the Weary.**

1.

In the angel's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There the loved have gone before us
To fulfil their soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2.

They are fitting up our mansions,
Which eternally shall stand,
For our stay will not be transient
In that happy spirit land.

CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

3.

Death itself shall then be vanquished
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye mortals,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

:o:
**No. III.
The Angels.**

THE angels stand by the pure in heart in their transfigured beauty, and surround them with a sphere of light and melody.

They come to lead the weary pilgrims from the rude scenes of life to mansions of inward rest.

* Their presence is marked by an iridescent glory, and their footsteps are luminous long after they have passed away.

* They breathe a holy calm into the wounded heart.

* The glory of their presence dissipates the darkness of the world; their smiles dissolve the frosts of years; they restore the springtime of the affections, and make life's barren wastes bloom like the gardens of Paradise.

S. B. Brittan.

**No. IV.
An Opening Song.**

1.

O, ye who once were mortals,
Enrobed, like us, in clay,
Come down from heaven's blue
meadows,
And be with us to-day.
Instruct us, loving angels,
The way your glory came,
And wreath about our foreheads
Truth's glowing ring of flame.

2.

Bring down a breath from Eden,
And let us breathe it in,
Till its surpassing sweetness

Makes us forget to sin!
Our hearts are reaching upward,
Like singing larks in spring,
And every soul is willing
To learn the truths you bring.

3.

Come down, oh, blessed angels,
Make earth and heaven one,
And when our paths are shadowed,
Be ye our rising sun;
Unfold us in God's wisdom,
His beauty and his love—
And may the earth-life fit us
To be like you above.

No. V.

The Beautiful.

BEAUTY is the robe of divinity itself, the privilege of angels. There is a spiritual beauty gleaming from the features of the good and pure, which transfigures them into a divine expression.

Beauty, called into being by the genial warmth of goodness, and inspired by the soft radiance of joy, expands into bloom only in the bland atmosphere of love.

*

Spiritual love gives grace to every movement, light to the eye, sweetness to the mouth, color to the cheek, and beautiful animation to the whole figure.

Absolute purity of heart and life is the richest human possession.

"Give ear," said the old Aryan of India, "to the instructions of prudence and let the precepts of truth sink deep into your hearts, O my children! So shall the charms of your minds add lustre to the elegance of your forms; and your beauty, like the rose it resembles, shall retain its sweetness when the bloom is withered."

*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever : |
Its loveliness increases ? | it will never
Pass into nothingness ; | but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, | and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Keats.

*

All things are for the sake of the good, and the good is the cause of every thing beautiful.

Plato.

—:o:—

No. VI.

Walk with the Beautiful.

1.

Walk with the beautiful and with
the grand :
Let nothing on earth thy feet
deter.
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by
the hand,
But give not all thy bosom
thoughts to her.
Walk with the beautiful.

2.

I hear thee say, "The beautiful !
what is it ?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant !
Be sure

Tis no long, weary road its form to
visit,
For, thou canst make it smile
beside thy door.
Then love the beautiful.

3.

Ay, love it : 'tis a sister that will
bless,
And teach thee patience when the
heart is lonely,
The angels love it, for they wear its
dress ;
And thou art made a little lower
only.
Then love the beautiful.

No. VII.

In Knowledge there is Safety.

WHO would tarry on the lowlands of ignorance ? Are not the high-
lands of knowledge more broad, bright, and beautiful ?

There are no treacherous pitfalls, but we may see and know that our
feet are sure.

Lead us onward, O ! evangels of Truth !

* There is no danger so appalling as that of ignorance. Groping in its
darkness, we stumble upon all conceivable sorrows and follies.

The violation of the laws of physical existence fills countless graves
with forms which the spirit should have worn much longer, for its
highest good. In ignorance we unwittingly scar and stain our souls
with sins, which pain and weaken us here and in heaven.

Against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless.

*

Ignorance involves nations in war, and lays low their champions of
honour, amidst the wailing of broken homes and hearts.

Who can count the multitudes which have perished by her dusky hands ?

Lead us onward, O divine Wisdom !

— :0: —

No. VIII.

The World is Growing Good.

1.

Let us set the great world ringing,
With our hopeful merry singing,
For the earth is full of beauty, far
and near ;

On the fragrant air of summer,
We will wake a tuneful murmur,
That the faint and weary hearted
all may hear.

CHORUS.

O, the world is growing good,
For the right is understood.
And our little lives are full of
brilliant chances.
Martyrs have not died in vain,
And we chant a glad refrain
As we follow Truth wherever she
advances !

2.

O, a thousand lights are streaming,
Brighter far than poet's dreaming,
Through the darkness which has
shut away the skies.

Lo, we see illumined faces
Lighting up the ether spaces,
And we meet the earnest gaze of
angel eyes.

CHORUS — O, the world, &c.

3.

Then we'll raise a ringing chorus,
For the golden days before us,
While we work to bring them
nearer, day by day,
Heaven is not so far above us,
That its inmates cannot love us,
And lean out to hear us singing on
our way.

CHORUS.— O, the world, &c.

IX.

Remember the Poor.

DO not call loudly upon God to remember the poor when thou art constantly forgetting their needs and their sorrows. Benevolent actions are the most holy prayers; and he who giveth to the needy enriches his own soul.

* Be just as well as generous; be willing to remunerate labour honestly and fairly; then shall warm hearts know better days, sighing voices grow merry, and the old chains of want be broken.

* Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared or left behind, but always hinder the march and sometimes lose the victory.

Francis Bacon.

Riches often slip away as silently and as irrevocably as the moments of life. They are evanescent and changeable; and only as far as they aid us in spiritual growth are they of lasting value.

—:o:—

No. X.

Hard Times Come Again
no More.

2.

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor,
There's a song that will linger for ever in our ears—
“Oh, hard times, come again no more.”

Chorus—‘Tis the song, the sigh of the weary—
“Hard times, hard times, come again no more:
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door:
Oh! hard times, come again no more.”

While we seek mirth and beauty
And music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door.

Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
“Oh; hard times, come again no more.”

Chorus—‘Tis the song, &c.

3.

‘Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
‘Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore;
‘Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave—
“Oh! hard times, come again no more.” *chorus*—‘Tis the song.

—:o:—

No. XI.

Home Affections.

A COUNTRY of true homes is a country of true greatness. A beautiful home, musical with loving voices, is the nursery of heaven.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary-headed; thou shalt listen reverently to the wisdom of the aged; thou shalt honour thy father, and let thy words to him be full of tenderness.

Thy mother is the guardian angel of thy life ; her virtues are registered indelibly upon thy heart ; preserve the integrity of her good name ; bless her with kindness and sympathy.

* Love thy brother as thou lovest thy own soul ; and as often as pleasant emotions kindle to the word expressing thy relation, shalt thou feel that thou art not fighting life's battles alone and single-handed.

Thy sister is the playmate of thy youth. Let her purities be inspirations to virtue ; her goodness thy emulation. If she is weak, be thou her defence ; if weary, her refuge of peace.

* The free and lovely impulses of hospitality, the faithful attachment of pious friends, these too, are a holy Religion to the heart. *Schiller.*

—:o:—

No. XII.

Let us Love while we may.

1.

Let us love while we may ; for the storms will arise,
 As we sail o'er the dim waves of time ;
 And the hopes of to-day may be hid from our eyes
 By the noon-clouds that darken our prime.
 We may look for the lost hills of morning and grieve ;
 But the soft hush of twilight will come,
 And our souls, on the rose tinted billows of eve,
 Float calmly away to their home.
Repeat.—Let us love while we may, &c.

2.

Let us love while we live ; and our memories will rise
 Like a halo of light from the grave,
 As the day from the deep lends a glow to the eyes
 That are guarding the gloom of the wave.
 There's a life in the soul that is better by far
 Than the glitter of glory or gold ;
 It may fade in the noon, but will shine like a star
 When the proud world is darksome and cold.
Repeat.—Let us love while we may, &c. *Jam. G. Lark.*

—:o:—

No. XIII.

Courage.

EVERY winter hath its spring, every ocean its glittering gems, every frost its shining crystals, every thunderstorm its compensating atmospheric purity.

Every cloud hath its silver lining, every ruin its growing vines, every wave tossed ark its dove, every blood stained cross its flower-wreathed crown ; and for every paradise lost, there are thousands to be gained.

There is a grandeur in the soul that dares to live out all the life God lit within it.

*

The courage of the soldier, which makes him willing to kill or be killed, may be bought for gold ; the courage which will face a wild beast in its den is not rare ; martyrs who could unflinchingly endure prison, wheel, or fagot, are not few ; but that courage which denies itself for itself's own sake is rarest of all gifts, and of inestimable price.

Hudson Tuttle.

—o:—

No. XIV.

The Golden Side.

1.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it ;
And many a tone from the betterland
If the querulous heart would make
it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er
faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are
bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

2.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure
That is richer by far than the jewelled
crown,
Or the miserly-hoarded treasure :
It may be the love of a little child,

Or a dead mother's prayer to heaven
Or some lone wanderer's grateful
thanks
For a cup of water given.

3.

Oh ! 'tis better to weave in the web
of life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do all life's works with a cheerful
heart,
And with hands that are swift and
willing,
Than to snap the frail, tender, minute
threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for their
tangled ends,
And still sit and grieve and wonder

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

—o:—

No. XV.

Action.

IF a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar ; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.

Harbor the smile of childhood in your hearts, and in old age it will halo your careworn brow with the first glimpse of heaven.

*

To do good, which is really good, a man must act from the love of good and not with a view to reward here or hereafter *E. Swedenborg.*

Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, the second will then be clearer.

*

The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest. *T. Carlyle.*

"Give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

XVI.

Let us Gather up the Sunbeams.

1.

If we knew the woe and heartache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load,
 Would we waste the day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be?
 Would we wait in such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea?

2.

If we knew the baby fingers
 Pressed against the window-pane
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
 Never trouble us again,

Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

3.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path ;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff ;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort,
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briers from our way.

—:—
XVII.

Nature's Teachings.

LET Truth and Falsehood grapple ; who ever knew Truth put to the worst in a fair and open encounter ? *Milton.*

Not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle ; but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom. *Milton.*

Nature is the universal exponent of God ; and reason is the external exponent of Nature ; therefore nature and reason combined constitute the only true and reliable standard of judgment.
 Obey God manifest in thy Intuitions.

Ever to that truth,
 Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,
 A man, should bar his lip.

Those things alone
 Are to be feared, whence evil may proceed,
 None else. *Dante.*

Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee, |
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.—
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues.—Be just and fear not. |

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, t'were all alike
 As if we had them not,

To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Shakespeare.*

No. XVIII.

Onward and Sunward.

Tell me the song of the beautiful stars,
As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,
Looking in spite of our sins and our scars,
Down on us tenderly, yearning to love us.
This is the song in their work-worship sung—
Down through the world jewelled universe rung,
Onward for ever, for evermore onward,
And ever they open their loving eyes sunward.

2.

Onward ! shouts Earth, with her myriad voices
Of music, aye answering the song of the seven,
As like a winged child of God's love she rejoices,
Swinging her censer of glory in heaven.

And lo ! it is writ by the finger of God,
On the tree and the flower, and the living green sod.
Onward for ever, for evermore onward.
And ever she turneth all trustfully sunward.

3.

The mightiest souls of all Time hover o'er us,
Who laboured like Gods among men, and have gone
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us,
They're with us, still with us, our battles fight on ;
Looking down victor-browed from the glory-crowned hill
They beckon, and beckon us on, onward still,
And the true heart's aspirations are onward, still onward
It turns to the future, as Earth turneth sunward.

—:—

No. XIX.

Childhood Morals.

NEVER kill or torture any living thing for amusement.
Whoever would inflict needless suffering on the weak and helpless is a cruel tyrant and an ignominious coward.
Be just in small things, and you will be just in great ones.
*

Treat all playmates as equals by right. We are all brothers and sisters ; and there is no high no low, except in spiritual attainments.
The bud of generosity in the child will unfold into the flower of benevolence in the adult.

J. O. Barrett.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small ? |
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

Never mix thou thy pleasure or thy pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

W. Wordsworth.

No. XX.

Be Kind to Each Other.

From "The Psalms of Life."

1.

Be kind to each other :
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone.
 Then, midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earned
 The blest recollection
 Of kindness returned !

2

When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 where all she loves sleeps,

Let falsehood assail not.
 Nor envy disprove ;
 Let trifles prevail not
 Against those you love.

3.

Nor change with to morrow,
 Should fortune take wing ;
 But, the deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling.
 Oh ! be kind to each other !
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone.

—o:—

No XXI.

Nobility.

NOBLIKNESS lies in a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making of others suffer.

The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men, fronting the peril which frightens back all others.

T. Carlyle.

Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow
 That but one goes abreast.

Shakespeare.

* O it is great, and there is no other greatness.
 To make some works of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God.

To make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier,—more blessed, less accursed.

It is a work for a God !

T. Carlyle.

* There is no wealth but Life—Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration.

That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings.

That man is richest who having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

John Ruskin.

No. XXII.

Are we not Brothers ?

1.

Hushed be the battle's fearful roar,
The warrior's rushing call :
Why should the earth be drenched,
with gore ?
Are we not brothers all ?

2.

Want from the starving poor depart !
Chains from the captive fall !
Great God, subdue the oppressor's
heart !
Are we not brothers all ?

3.

Sect, clan, and nation, oh ! strike down
Each mean partition wall ;
Let love the voice of discord drown :
Are we not brothers all ?

4.

Let love and truth and peace alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That Heaven its work at length may
own,
And men be brothers all.

Mrs. Sigourney.

—:o:—

No. XXIII.

The Hereafter.

THE kingdom of Heaven is within you.
Every noble deed of charity is heaven.
Giving water to a thirsty pilgrim is heaven.
Educating the orphan is heaven.
Watching in the midnight hours with the sick, to administer the healing
panacea, is heaven.
Placing a wanderer's feet in the high road is heaven.
Removing thorns and stones from a brother's or sister's pathway is
heaven.
Shedding sympathy upon the unfortunate, and smiling in a brother's
face, is heaven.
Lifting up the fallen, and holding them till they can stand alone, is
heaven.
Leading our fellow men into paths of virtue, and inciting them to
deeds of charity, is heaven.

J. M. Peebles.

Nay falter not ; 'tis an assured good
To seek the noblest ; 'tis your only good,
Now you have seen it ; for that higher vision
Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.

George Eliot.

No. XXIV.

Meet us at the Crystal Gate.

1.

Meet us, angels, at the gate,
With a welcome sweet and warm ;
Be it early, be it late.

We shall come thro' dark and
storm,
Weary from our dying pillows,
Faint with surging on death's
billows,
Strewn with cypress leaves and
willows

Plucked to mourn the cherished
form.

Meet us, angels, at the gate,
With a welcome sweet and warm ;
Be it early, be it late,
We shall come thro' dark and
storm.

2.

Meet us where low, holy hymns
Float like balm upon the air ;
Where no sullen blaming dims
Those who come sin-tarnished
there.

Hail us at that precious meeting,
With some old familiar greeting.

Which will set our faint hearts
beating
To love's olden, olden prayer.
Meet us where low, holy hymns
Float like balm upon the air ;
Where no sullen blaming dims
Those who come sin-tarnished
there.

3.

Meet us with extended hands,
As you used to here below ;
Tell us when we reach those lands,
" Friends, come home ! we love
you so ! "
Then we all can love each other,
Parents, husband, sister, brother ;
Knowing fully, one another,
Warm as sunlight, pure as snow.
Meet us with extended hands,
As you used to here below ;
Tell us, when we reach those lands,
" Friends, come home ! we love
you so ! "

No. XXV.

Our Highest.

THE secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist.

To demand in all things good faith, reality, and a purpose.

And first, last, midst and without end, to honour every truth by use.

Goethe.

Fidelity to conscience is the essential precept.

We are to do unfalteringly and without speculating as to consequences
whatsoever it requires.

The highest truth we see we must fearlessly utter. *Herbert Spencer.*

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ; |
To defy Power which seems omnipotent ; |
To love and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ; |
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent : |
This is true triumph this it is to be
Good, great, and glorious, beautiful and free ; |
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory !

P. B. Shelley.

No. XXVI.
Speak! No matter what betide.

1.

He who seeks the truth and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman ;
He at best is but a slave.
Speak ! no matter what betide thee ;
Let them strike, but make them
hear :
Be thou like the noble Jesus,
Scorn the threat that makes them
fear.

2.

Be thou like the first apostles ;
Never fear, thou shalt not fall ;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly ; speak it all !
Face thine enemies, accusers ;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod !
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest with
God !

No. XXVII.
Sacrifice.

THE greatness of life is sacrifice.
The reward of holier actions comes not in this world, and is not given by the hands of humanity.

*
It is easier to rise with the knife unsheathed, than to keep watch and ward on our own passions.
But let us not cheat ourselves into believing that it is higher, and nobler, and harder.
To die when life can be lived no longer with honour, is greatness indeed.
But to die because it galls us and is difficult to pursue, is base.

*
To keep our souls in patience ; to strive unceasingly with evil ; to live in self-negation and continual sacrifices of desire.
To give strength to the weak, and sight to the blind ; bring light where there is darkness, and hope where there is bondage.
To do all this through many years unrecognised of men, content that that they are done with such force as lies in us—this is our duty.

Ouida.

No. XXVIII.
Your Mission.

1.

If you cannot on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet.
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

2.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by ;

3.

You cannot chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy,
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep ;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

PART III.

CHORAL RESPONSES

ABBREVIATIONS.

Con.	Conductor.
Aur. Cir.	Aurora Circle.
Sun. Cir.	Sunbeam Circle.
Mtn. Cir.	Mountain Circle.
Rt. Div.	Right Division.
Lt. Div.	Left Division.

—:o:—

I.

The Family of Nations.

Con.—What does History disclose to us ?
 Aur. Cir.—Man's trials.
 Sun. Cir.—Man's conquests.
 Mtn. Cir.—Man's progression.
 All.—The process of civilisation.
 Con.—What are the ascending grades of organised life ?
 Aur. Cir.—The individual.
 Sun. Cir.—The family.
 Mtn. Cir.—The nation.
 All.—Nations are individuals in the family of man.
 Con.—What do the most ancient records discover ?
 All.—Three countries.
 Aur. Cir.—India, the birthplace of Religion.
 Sun. Cir.—Egypt, the cradle of Science.
 Mtn. Cir.—Greece, the home of Philosophy, Poetry, and Art.
 Con.—What are those powers parallel to and mingling with these ?
 All.—Three Races.
 Aur. Cir.—The Persians with their Zend Avesta.
 Sun. Cir.—The Jews with their Two Testaments.
 Mtn. Cir.—The Arabs, with their Koran.
 Con.—What followed these streams ?
 All.—Three powers.
 Aur. Cir.—Italy, the land of great cities, Rome, Venice, and Florence.
 Sun. Cir.—Spain the Monarch of the Two Worlds.
 Mtn. Cir.—The Netherlands, the saviours of religious liberty.

Con.—What are the glories of Modern times ?
 All—Three peoples.
 Aur. Cir.—The French with their rare intelligence.
 Sun Cir.—The Germans with their lofty thought.
 Mtn. Cir.—The Anglo-Saxons, the pioneers of political freedom, and the enlightened advocates of consistent advance.
 Gon.—Has the History of Nations any teachings ?
 Aur. Cir.—Russia and Turkey darkened by ignorance remain in want.
 Sun. Cir.—Spain and Austria are crushed by priestly despotism.
 Mtn. Cir.—Hungary and Poland fell victims to internal dissensions, and the ambition of relentless neighbours.
 All—Ignorance, Superstition, Discord and Tyranny are the common foes of all mankind.
 Con.—Was the European the first Civilisation.
 All—No. It is the offspring of others whose memory has passed away.
 Con.—Have there been any contemporary with it ?
 All—Three.
 Rt. Div.—The Aztec, and the Peruvian, destroyed by bigoted fanatics.
 Lt. Div.—The Chinese, which having lost the impulse of progression, has lost therefore its life also.
 Con.—What will be the probable future of national existence ?
 All—Each nation will perfect itself harmoniously in its own sphere, until all are blended in a superb whole.
 Con.—Does that perfection involve the loss of nationality ?
 All—Not in its true sense ; they will be distinct in their offices, but united in their operation like the various limbs and organs of the body.
 Con.—Is then Humanity in reality a Unity ?
 All—Yes, even as God is. Its many members mutually assist each other, they are governed by an intelligence and a sympathy, which the same in every race, blends the millions of mankind in one holy brotherhood, of aim and being.

A. D.

—:o:—

II.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

I.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats, tho' unseen, among us ; visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance ;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
 Like memory of music fled,
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery

2.

Spirit of Beauty ! that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?
 'Tis barren all bereft of thee,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night-wind sent
 Thro' strings of some still instrument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

3.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past ; there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on the poet's youth
 Descendeth, to our onward lives supply
 Its calm, that we may worship thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 So that thy spells our souls may bind,
 To fear ourselves, and love all human kind. *Shelley.*

— :o: —

III.

The Religion of Humanity.

WHAT is the Religion of Humanity ?
The acknowledgment, reverence, and worship of the Divine in Men.
 What is the measure of the Divine so manifested ?
The degree in which their thoughts and actions benefited their kind.
 How is it worshipped ?
By emulative imitation, the sincerest adoration.
 What is its prophet ?
Genius.
 What is Genius ?
Spiritual Insight.
 Upon what is it based ?
Love and Wisdom.
 From whence do they proceed ?
From the Deity.
 What is our highest conception of Deity ?
As the Genius of goodness, omnipotent and eternal, in and through humanity.

A.D.

IV.

Joys and Sorrows of Genius.

BECAUSE the few with signal virtue crowned
The heights and pinnacles of human mind
Sadler and wearier than the rest are found,
Wish not thy soul less wise, or less refined.
True that the dear delights which every day
Cheer and distract the pilgrim are not theirs ;
True that though free from lawless Passion's sway
A loftier being brings severer cares ;
Yet have they special pleasures—even mirth—
By those undreamt of who have only trod
Life's valley smooth ; and if the rolling earth
To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
They know man does not live by joy alone.
But by the presence of the power of God !

Monckton Milnes.

V.

A Calendar of Saints.

Con.—What is a Saint ?
All—One who elevates his kind by his labour and sorrow.
Con.—Name some saints ?
Rt. Cir.—Buddha and Zoroaster.
Lt. Cir.—Jesus and Mahomed.
Con.—For what are these canonised ?
All—Because they uplifted the religious consciousness of their several
days.
Con.—Recall some of the Saints of Philosophy ?
Aur. Cir.—Plato and Aristotle.
Sun. Cir.—Descartes, Bacon, and Kant.
Mtn. Cir.—Spinoza and Swedenborg.
Con.—In Poetry ?
Aur. Cir.—Homer, Dante, and Calderon.
Sun. Cir.—Goethe, Schiller, and Spenser.
Mtn. Cir.—Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley.
Con.—In Art ?
Aur. Cir.—Phidias, and Michael Angelo.
Sun. Cir.—Titian, Turner, and Leonardo.
Mtn. Cir.—Beethoven and Mozart.
Con.—In Arms ?
Aur. Cir.—Cyrus and Epaminondas.
Sun. Cir.—Caesar and Belisarius.
Mtn. Cir.—William the Silent, Washington, and Garibaldi.
Con.—In Science ?
Aur. Cir.—Euclid and Archimedes.
Sun. Cir.—Newton, Laplace, and Bichat.
Mtn. Cir.—Priestley, Hunter, and Linnæus.
Con.—In Mechanical Inventions ?
Aur. Cir.—Watt and Stephenson.
Sun. Cir.—Morse and Wheatley.
Mtn. Cir.—Arkwright and Brunel.

Con.—Have you no Martyrs?
 Aur. Cir.—The Truth has thousands.
 Sun. Cir.—From Socrates to Bruno.
 Mtn.—From Galileo to Paine.
 Con.—Are there no women saints?
 Aur. Cir.—Aspatia and Cornelia.
 Sun. Cir.—Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale.
 Mtn. Cir.—George Sand, George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning.
 Con.—Are these all the saints?
 All—No, they are but a few from the great host who have founded our happiness.
 Con.—Is the list closed?
 All—No, every year adds to it, and the future will see it even more rapidly increase.
 Con.—What are the sainted great in relation to the past?
 Aur. Cir.—Its glories.
 Con.—In relation to the present?
 Sun. Cir.—Its riches.
 Con.—In relation to the future?
 Mtn. Cir.—Its prophecies.
 Con.—What do we offer our saints?
 Aur. Cir.—Gratitude.
 Sun. Cir.—Reverence.
 Mtn. Cir.—Affection.
 Con.—What do they give us?
 Aur. Cir.—Light.
 Sun. Cir.—Strength.
 Mtn. Cir.—Hope.
 Con.—What is their teaching?
 All—That we like them may attain to lofty levels, wherfrom we can be as beacons to our brethren in distress, if we will but make ourselves worthy.
 Con.—How will they reward those so aspiring?
 All—By their presence, sympathy, and inspiration.
 Con.—Let us then gratefully remember the Saints!
 All—And by our lives summon them to our assistance.

A. D.

—:o:—

VI.

What is Noble?

I.

What is noble? to inherit
 Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
 There must be some other merit
 Higher yet than these to see!
 Something greater far must enter
 Into life's majestic span,
 Fitted to create and centre
 True nobility in man.

2.

What is noble? 'tis the finer
 Portion of our mind and heart,
 Linked to something still diviner
 Than mere language can impart:
 Ever prompting—ever seeing
 Some improvement yet to plan:
 To uplift our fellow being,
 And, like man, to feel for man!

3.

What is noble ? Is the sabre
 Nobler than the humble spade ?
 There's a dignity in labour
 Truer than e'er pomp arrayed !
 He who seeks the mind's improve-
 ment
 Aids the world, in aiding mind !
 Ev'ry great commanding movement
 Serves not one, but all mankind.

4.

What is noble ? that which places
 Truth in its enfranchised will,
 Leaving steps, like angel traces,
 That mankind may follow still !
 E'en tho' scorn's malignant glances
 Prove him poorest of his clan,
 He's the noble—who advances
 Freedom, and the cause of man !

Charles Swain.

VII.

The Deity.

Con.—All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth for ever.
 Rt. Div.—He sitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.
 Lt. Div.—Order and grace, and beauty spring from his hand. His goodness is conspicuous in all his works ; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.
 Con.—There is but one God : the author, the creator, the governor of the world ; almighty, eternal, and incomprehensible.
 Rt. Div.—He hath stretched forth the heavens with his hand ; he hath described with his finger the course of the stars.
 Lt. Div.—He setteth bounds to the ocean, which it cannot pass, and saith unto the stormy winds—Be still.
 Con.—The thoughts of the heart, the depths of futurity are open to Him.
 All—To Him alone belongs worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise.

Brahminic.

Con.—God is the one life and intelligence of the universe. *Swedenborg.*
 Aur. Cir.—God is a Spirit. *Jesus.*
 Sun. Cir.—God is Love. *John.*
 Mtn. Cir.—God is All. *Spinosa.*
 Con.—Our Father and our Mother. *Theodore Parker.*
 Rt. Div.—The Divine Mind, manifest in Nature, which is “ His living garment.” *Goethe.*

Lt. Div.—And in the soul which is his offspring.

—:o:—

VIII.

The Higher Pantheism.

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains
 Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns ?
 Is not the vision He, tho' He be not that which he seems ?
 Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams ?
 Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him ?
 Dark is the world to thee, thyself art the reason why,
 For is He not all but thou, that hast power to say, “ I am I.”
 Glory about thee, without thee, and thus fulfillest thy doom,
 Making him broken-gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.
 Speak to Him for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet.
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is Law, say the wise, A Soul, and let us rejoice,
 For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice ;
 And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,
 But if we could hear and see this vision—Where is not He ?

Tennyson.

—:o:—

IX.

Prayer.

Con.—What is prayer ?

All—The soul's aspiration.

How is it expressed ?

Aur. Cir.—In words.

Sun. Cir.—In thought.

Mtn. Cir.—In action.

Con.—What are its effects ?

Rt. Div.—It induces in us a superior condition of trust, strength and feeling.

Lt. Div.—It draws to us benevolent spirits anxious to assist and bless us.

Con.—Is it then a positive power in the world ?

All—Yes, a mighty one, whose imperceptible influence pervades the whole sphere of being.

Con.—What must the possession of so potent a force impress upon us ?

Aur. Cir.—The necessity for absolute purity of desire and intention.

Sun. Cir.—For loftiness and generosity of aim, forbearance, and forgiveness.

Mtn. Cir.—Its earnest and constant use in noble offices.

Con.—By prayer we come nearer to the Supreme Spirit, and enter into its attributes.

All—Let us pray.

—:o:—

No. X.

Prayer.

A.D.

1.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
 Unuttered or expressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

3.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ; [reach
 Prayer the sublimest strains that
 The Majesty on high.

4

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, " Behold he prays."

—:o:—

XI.

Parents and Children.

Con.—Consider thou who art a parent the importance of thy trust.

All—A wicked child is an enduring reproach.

Con.—The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation ; the seed
 which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

All—Revere the virtues of thy children, remembering that they
 are now immortal souls.

Con.—Teach them obedience.
 Aur. Cir.—And they shall bless thee.
 Con.—Teach them modesty.
 Sun. Cir.—And they shall not be ashamed.
 Con.—Teach them gratitude.
 Mtn. Cir.—And they shall receive benefits.
 Con.—Teach them charity.
 All—And they shall gain love.
 Con.—Teach them temperance.
 Aur. Cir.—And they shall have health.
 Con.—Teach them prudence.
 Sun. Cir.—And fortune shall attend them.
 Con.—Teach them sincerity.
 Mtn. Cir.—And they shall be strong.
 Con.—Teach them justice.
 All—And the world shall honour them.
 Con.—Teach them diligence.
 Aur. Cir.—And their wealth shall increase.
 Con.—Teach them benevolence.
 Sun. Cir.—And their minds shall be exalted.
 Con.—Teach them science.
 Mtn. Cir.—And their lives shall be useful.
 Con.—Teach them religion.
 All—And their death shall be happy.
 Con.—The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia.
 Rt. Div.—Children, honour your parents !
 Lt. Div.—Love and serve them.

Brahminic.

—:o:—
 No. XII.

Love.

LOVE is the happy privilege of mind,
 Love is the reason of all living things.
 A Trinity, there seems, of principles
 Which represent and rule created life,
 The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
 In all throughout one common feeling reigns,
 Each does maintain and is maintained by each,
 All are compatible, all needful ; one
 To life, to nature one, and one to bliss,
 Which thus together make the power, the end,
 And the perfection of created Being.
 Truly to love ourselves, we must love God,
 To love God, we must all his creatures love,
 To love his creatures both ourselves and Him ;
 Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy. *Bailey.*

—:o:—
 XIII.
Duties.

Con.—What are our duties ?
 Aur. Cir.—To ourselves.
 Sun. Cir.—To our neighbours.

Mtn. Cir.—To God.

Con.—What is our duty to ourselves ?

Aur. Cir.—Self-reverence, control and culture.

Con.—What is our duty to our neighbour ?

Sun. Cir.—Justice, sympathy and charity,

Con.—What is our duty to God ?

Mtn. Cir.—To love and cherish all created things that evidence His qualities.

Con.—What are His qualities ?

Aur. Cir.—Truth.

Sun. Cir.—Goodness.

Mtn. Cir.—Beauty.

Con.—In what are these exhibited ?

Aur. Cir.—In Nature.

Sun. Cir.—In Animal Life.

Aur. Cir.—In Humanity.

Con.—How do we prove our appreciation of these ?

Aur. Cir.—By seeking to understand, enjoy, and perfect Nature.

Sun. Cir.—By protecting, tending, and ministering to all helpless living things.

Mtn. Cir.—By making the good of others the sole aim of our exertions and persisting in those exertions unremittingly for the period of our days.

Con.—Define these duties more fully ?

All.—We must be faithful to friends, dutiful to parents, and gentle with children, respect all ages, all classes, all nations, and all creeds, honour virtue, seek truth, and continue in right doing without discouragement from persecution, or expectation of reward.

A. D.

—: o:—

No. XIV.

Ode to Duty.

1 **S**TERN daughter of the voice of God !

O, duty ! if that name thou love

Who art a light to guide, a rod

To check the erring, and reprove ;

Thou who art victory and law,

When empty terrors overawe ;

From vain temptations dost set free ;

And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

2 Through no disturbance of the soul,

Or strong compunction in us wrought,

We supplicate for thy control ;

But in the quietness of thought ;

Now this unchartered freedom tires ;

We feel the weight of chance desires ;

Our hopes no more must change their name,

We long for a repose which ever is the same.

3 Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear

The Godhead's most benignant grace ;

Nor know we anything so fair

As is the smile upon thy face ;

Flowers laugh before thee in their beds ;
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient heavens, thro' thee, are fresh and strong.

4 To humble functions, awful power !
 We call thee ; we ourself command
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh ! let our weakness have an end,
 Give unto us, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth, thy bondsmen let us live.

—:—:— *Wordsworth.*

No. XV.

The Conduct of Life.

Con.—Since the days that are past are gone, and those that are to come may not find thee, it behoveth thee, O, man, to employ the present.

All.—This instant is thine, the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Con.—Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly ; defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Rt. Div.—Idleness is the parent of want, and of pain.

Lt. Div.—But the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

Con.—Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be, neither let anyone go before thee in well-doing,

Rt. Div.—Envy not the merits of another.

Lt. Div.—But improve thy own talents.

Con.—Scorn to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods.

Rt. Div.—Strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him.

Lt. Div.—So shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honor, if not with success.

Con.—Hear the words of prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thy heart.

Rt. Div.—Her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her.

Lt. Div.—She is the guide and mistress of human life.

Con.—A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of Fortune ; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

Rt. Div.—His happiness dependeth not upon her smiles.

Lt. Div.—Therefore with her frowns he is not dismayed.

Con.—He meeteth the evils of life as a man goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Rt. Div.—His calmness and courage alleviate the weight of his misfortunes.

Lt. Div.—His constancy surmounts them.

Con.—A good death is better than an evil life ; strive therefore to live as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst.

Rt. Div.—While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Lt. Div.—Complain not of the shortness of thy time ; remember that with thy days thy cares are shortened.

Con.—He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so.

Brahminic.

XVI.

God Knows it All.

IN the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber,
Is there some hidden grief thou may'st not tell ?
Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye who sees and knows it well.
God knows it all !

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And would'st be good, but evil still prevails ?
Oh, think, amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails,
God knows it all !

And dost thou wrong thy brother : deeds concealing
For some dark spot no human eye can see ?
Then walk in pride, without one sin revealing,
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee.
God knows it all !

Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed ?
And well nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, " Be not afraid ! "
God knows it all.

Art thou a mourner ? Are thy tear-drops flowing
For one so early lost to earth and thee ?
The depths of grief no human being knowing,
Which moans in spirit like the moaning sea.
God knows it all.

Then trust thy God. Pour out thy heart before Him ;
There is no grief thy Father cannot feel ;
And let thy grateful songs of praise adore Him
By striving every wounded heart to heal !
God knows it all.

—:o:—

XVII.

Body and Spirit.

Con.—Wherefore of all creatures, O Man, art thou only erect, but that thou mayest behold God's works.

Rt. Div.—Wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayest admire them.

Con.—Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone, and whence is it derived to thee ?

Rt. Div.—'Tis not in flesh to think, 'tis not in bones to reason ?

Lt. Div.—The lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him ; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Con.—Something is added to thee, unlike to what thou seest ; something informs thy clay higher than all that is the object of thy senses.

Rt. Div.—The body remaineth perfect after it has fled.

Lt. Div.—Therefore it is not part of the body.

Con.—It is immaterial, individual, and eternal.

Brahminic.

—:o:—

No. XVIII.

Crown the Prophet.

<p>NOT in vain the large-eyed prophets Saw the days of evil told, Heard the anthems of the nations From the harps of Freedom rolled. Who can mock their glorious visions? Hark ! already ev'ry hour Falls some chain, and man arises To his natural, sacred power Mercy walks with broader symbols ; Justice lifts a stronger hand ; Love tends more and more her flowers ; Sown by God in ev'ry land. Science more and more is breaking</p>	<p>All the olden mystic bars, Stands on mountain tops and waves her Rod amid the vassal stars. Art is grander, brighter growing ; Ev'ry moment is her shrine At the will of Thought's true angels Beaming more and more divine. Nations hail your Dawn Triumphant, Lamped no more by wavering moon ; Crown the temples ; crown the prophets ; Not in vain they sang the noon.</p>
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No. XIX.

Resolution.

Con.—What exalted form is this, that hitherward directs its even, its uninterrupted course ?

Rt. Div.—His foot is on the earth, his head above the clouds.

Lt. Div.—On his brow sitteth majesty, and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Con.—He deigneth not to look down upon the obstacles which oppose his way ; he proceedeth, though heaven and earth oppose his passage.

Aur. Cir.—The mountains sink beneath his tread.

Sun. Cir.—The waters of the ocean are dried up under the sole of his foot.

Mtn. Cir.—The tiger throweth herself across his way in vain ; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

Con.—He marcheth through the embattled legions ; with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Aur. Cir.—Storms war against his shoulders, but are not able to shake him.

Sun. Cir.—The thunder bursteth over his head in vain.

Mtn. Cir.—The lightning serveth but to show the glories of his countenance.

Con.—His name is Resolution ; his eye discovereth the temple of Happiness beyond the pole.
 Aur. Cir.—He walketh up to it.
 Sun. Cir.—He entereth boldly.
 Mtn. Cir.—He remaineth there forever.
 Con.—Establish thy heart, O man ! in that which is right, and then know that the greatest of human glories is to be immutable.

Brahminic.

—:o:—

No. XX.

Beauty.

BEAUTIFUL faces are they that go
 wear
 The light of a pleasant spirit there,
 It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful feet are they that go
 No swiftly to lighten others' woe.
 Thro' summer's heat, or thro' winter's
 snow.

Beautiful hands are they that do
 The work of the noble, good and true,
 Patient and busy the long day through

Beautiful children, rich or poor,
 Who, walking the pathways sweet
 and pure,
 Lead on to mansions of rest secure.

—:o:—

No. XXI.

Life and Death.

Con.—As the production of the metal provereth the work of the alchemist, so is death the test of our lives.
 Rt. Div.—To judge of a life examine the period of it.
 Lt. Div.—At its last it appeareth without dissimulation.
 Con.—He hath not spent his life ill who knoweth how to die well.
 Rt. Div.—He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought.
 Lt. Div.—Neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.
 Con.—Wouldest thou learn to die nobly ? let thy vices die before thee.
 Rt. Div.—Join esteem to thy admiration.
 Lt. Div.—Unite friendship to thy love.
 Con.—So shalt thou find that contentment surpasseth raptures, and that tranquility is of more worth than ecstasy.
 Rt. Div.—Presume not in prosperity ; despair not in adversity.
 Lt. Div.—Court not dangers, nor meanly fly from them.
 All.—Dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.
 Con.—The wise man maketh everything the means of his growth.
 Aur. Cir.—He governeth the good.
 Sun. Cir.—He conquereth the evil.
 Mtn. Cir.—He is unmoved in all.
 Con.—Think not the longest life the happiest ; that which is best employed doth man most honor ; himself shall rejoice after death in its harvest.

Brahminic.

No. XXII.

The Workers Win.

THE seed which lies inert and cold
 Will neither flower nor fruitage
 bear,
 Unless it struggles through the mould
 For light and air.
 The soul that seeks for Freedom's
 Prize
 Must Freedom's battle first begin—
 True effort never vainly dies,
 The workers win.

2.
 Through weary years of want and woe
 The soul irresolute must wait,
 While he who strikes the timely blow
 Will conquer fate.
 The might that nerves the hero's arm
 Springs from the manly might within.
 The coward only flies from harm ;
 The workers win.

3.
 Yet Truth shall sound her bugle-call
 And Justice draw her flaming sword
 The Spirit of the Lord on all
 Shall be outpoured.
 A countless host, unseen but near,
 To hopeful human hearts akin
 Repeat the words of lofty cheer:
 " The workers win."

4.
 Oh, fainting soul ! " take heart of
 grace !"
 Though dangers in thy pathway lie,
 Pursue thine heaven-appointed ways.
 With courage high,
 One grand, eternal law, controls
 The life without—the life within.
 Heaven is no place for idle souls :
 The workers win.

Lizzie Doten.

No. XXIII.

The Religion of Use.

Con.—What is the principle of the Religion of use ?

All.—That all its rites and ritual must be such as minister to the welfare of humanity.

Con.—What does consideration of the welfare of our fellows involve ?

All.—Care for everything developing them, and the conditions amongst which they move.

Con.—What are its three planes ?

Aur. Cir.—The Material.

Sun. Cir.—The Mental.

Mtn. Cir.—The Spiritual.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the material plane ?

Aur. Cir.—That every human being must be able to obtain the necessities of physical health and happiness.

Sun. Cir.—That social irregularities must be removed, and the unjust division of labor and possessions regulated.

Mtn. Cir.—That science must be cultivated to its highest pitch, in order that the severer manual and mechanical employments may be abolished.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the Mental plane ?

Aur. Cir.—That every restraint upon inquiry and reason must be destroyed.

Sun. Cir.—That the intellectual faculties of each be unfolded to their fullest possibility.

Mtn. Cir.—That the sphere of scientific knowledge be extended until it includes all the phenomena with which we are acquainted.

Con.—What are its commandments upon the Spiritual plane ?

Aur. Cir.—That a clear and accurate understanding of the Spiritual universe be the common heritage.

Sun. Cir.—That the superior regions of thought, emotion, imagination, aspiration, and conscience be universally educated.

Mtn. Cir.—That the lives and beings of all be moulded by an ever-present consciousness of the sublime and eternal relations of God and Man.

Con.—How are those who own this Religion to worship ?

Rt. Div.—By devoting themselves to become, as far as possible, its exponents.

Lt. Div.—And consecrating their lives to advance its ideal in others.

Con.—What does this Religion render sacred ?

Aur. Cir.—All life.

Sun. Cir.—All thought.

Mtn. Cir.—All action.

Rt. Div.—All places.

Lt. Div.—All times.

Con.—What are its sacrifices ?

Rt. Div.—The baser parts of us to become more pure.

Lt. Div.—The better parts of us to make others holy.

Con.—What is its inspiration ?

All—Love.

Con.—What are the manifestations of this spirit ?

All—Incessant effort. Neglecting nothing. From the slightest word to the most momentous deeds, directing its energies to the religious fulfilment of those duties.

Con.—What is the Gospel of this Religion ?

All—Truth.

Con.—What is its God ?

All—Goodness.

Con.—What is its Temple ?

All—The spheres of Eternal Life and Eternal Labour.

—:o:—

XXIV.

Love On.

1.

LOVE on ! love on ! but not the empty things
Of fleeting beauty in a Summer's day.

Truth, virtue, well from heaven's eternal springs,
Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay ;
Love them ! love them !

2.

Love on ! love on ! though death and earthly change
Bring mournful silence to a darkened home,
The trusting heart rests where no eye grows strange,
Where never falls a shadow from the tomb :
Love there ! love there !

8.

Love on ! love on ! the voice of grief and wrong
 Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot ;
 Bid proud ones bend, and bid the weak be strong,
 And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot :
 Give strength ! give peace !

4.

Love on ! love on ! and though the evening still
 Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noon-day sun,
 With changeless faith, with calm, unwavering will,
 Work, bravely work, till every duty's done ;
 Love God ! love man !

— :o: —

No. XXV.

Charity.

Con.—Though we speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, we are become as sounding brass, or tinkling cymbals.

Aur. Cir.—Charity suffereth long, and is kind.

Sun. Cir.—Charity envieth not.

Mtn. Cir.—Charity is not puffed up.

Con.—Though we have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though we have all faith, so that we could remove mountains, and have not Charity, we are nothing.

Aur. Cir.—Charity seeketh not her own.

Sun. Cir.—Charity is not to be provoked.

Mtn. Cir.—Charity thinketh no evil.

Con.—Charity hopeth all things, endureth all things, rejoiceth in the truth.

Aur. Cir.—Prophecies may fail.

Sun. Cir.—Tongues may cease.

Mtn. Cir.—Knowledge may vanish away.

Con.—But Charity faileth, ceaseth, vanisheth never.

Aur. Cir.—Love your enemies.

Sun. Cir.—Bless them that curse you.

Mtn. Cir.—Do good to them that hate you.

Con.—Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. *Jesus.*

— :o: —

XXVI.

How to Live.

1.

HE liveth long who liveth well !
 All other life is short and vain.
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of living most for heav'nly gain.
 Waste not thy being ; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give ;
 Else is that being but a dream ;
 'Tis but to be, and not to live.

2.

Be thou in truthfulness arrayed ;
 Hold up to earth thy torch divine !
 Be what thou prayest to be made ;
 Let steps of charity be thine !
 Fill up each hour with what will last ;
 Buy up the moments as they go :
 The life above when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

3 Sow truth; if thou the truth wouldst reap ;
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.
 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
 Sow peace and reap its harvest bright ;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest home of light.

— :o: —

XXVII.

Proverbs.

Con.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Rt. Div. For the merchandise of it is better than silver.

Lt. Div. And the gain thereof more than fine gold.

Con.—Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with her.

Rt. Div.—Length of days is in her right hand.

Lt. Div.—And in her left hand riches and honor.

Con.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Rt. Div.—Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee

Lt. Div. Love her and she shall keep thee.

Con. The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.

Rt. Div. He that loveth pleasure shall be spiritually poor.

Lt. Div. He that loveth possessions shall not be rich.

Con. He that followeth after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness, and honor.

Solomon.

— :o: —

No. XXVIII.

Haste Not! Rest Not!

1.

Without haste, and without rest !
 Bind the motto to thy breast ;
 Bear it with thee as a spell ;
 Storm and sunshine guide it well !
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom
 Bear it onward to the tomb.

2.

Haste not ! let no thoughtless heed
 Mar for aye the spirit's speed ;
 Ponder well and know the right,
 Onward then, with all thy might ;
 Haste not ! years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done.

3.

Rest not ! life is sweeping by.
 Go and dare before you die ;
 Something mighty and sublime
 Leave behind and conquer time ;
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
 When these forms have passed away

4.

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
 Meekly bear the storms of fate !
 Duty be thy proper guide,
 Do the right whate'er betide !
 Haste not ! rest not ! conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last.

No. XXIX.

Precepts.

Con. Blessed are the merciful.
 All. For they shall obtain mercy.
 Con. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake.
 All. For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
 Con. Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth.
 Rt. Div. Where moth and rust doth corrupt.
 Lt. Div. And where thieves break through and steal.
 Con. But lay up for yourself treasures of the spirit.
 Rt. Div. Of holiness, truth, and love.
 Lt. Div. For where the treasure is there will the heart be also.
 Con. Do not your alms before men, and when ye pray let it be in private.
 Rt. Div. Whatever ye would that men should do to you.
 Lt. Div. Do ye even so to them.
 Con. Suffer little children to seek the teacher.
 Rt. Div. Cherish them, and forbid them not.
 Lt. Div. For such is the kingdom of heaven.
 Con. Love one another.
 All. Worship in spirit and in truth.

Jesus.

—:0:—

No. XXX.

Nature's Revelation.

1 **G**OD of the granite and the rose !
 Soul of the sparrow and the bee !
 The mighty tide of being flows
 Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.
 It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
 Through every grade of being runs,
 Till, from creation's radiant towers,
 Its glory flames in stars and suns.

2 O ye who sit and gaze on life
 With folded hands and fettered will,
 Who only see, amid the strife,
 The dark supremacy of ill,
 Know that, like birds, and streams, and flowers,
 The life that moves you is divine !
 Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
 Your God-like spirit can confine.

3 God of the granite and the rose !
 Soul of the sparrow and the bee !
 The mighty tide of being flows
 Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
 Thus round and round the circle runs,
 A mighty sea without a shore,
 While men and angels, stars and suns,
 Unite to praise Thee evermore.

XXXI.

Reform.

Con.—What is a reform ?

All—A re-adjustment of the conditions of life, bringing them into harmony with the higher needs and aspirations of humanity.

Con.—Are such alterations required ?

Rt. Div.—They are necessary and inevitable.

Lt. Div.—To all growth.

Con---In what department of being do they appear ?

Rt. Div---In all that relates to Man and Nature.

Lt. Div---Progress is the sequence of reforms.

Con---Who among mankind attain to the office of Reformers ?

Rt. Div---The wise, the just, the good, and the inspired.

Lt. Div---All who are above or beyond their own day.

Con---What is their reward for signal services in the cause of Right and Freedom.

Rt. Div---On earth persecution, neglect, and sorrow.

Lt. Div---Beyond it love, honour, and power.

Con---What is Reform in its highest sense ?

Rt. Div---The sign of a ceaseless aspiration.

Lt. Div---The continual triumph of the soul.

Con---What are Reformers in this light ?

Rt. Div---The redeemers and benefactors of mankind.

Lt. Div---The angelic ministers of Divine Providence.

Con---The first task of the Reformer is within himself ; out of his own character he manifests his mission to the world.

A. D.

—:o.—

XXXII.

Justice and Faith.

1.

THE Sage his cup of hemlock quaff'd,
And calmly drained the fatal draught.
Such pledge did Grecian justice give
To one who taught men how to live.

2

The Christ in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured ;
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On Him who taught us how to die.

3.

Mid prison walls, the Sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and
just :
From Calvary's mount the Christ
could see
The dawn of immortality.

4.

Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph
nigh.
Power may oppress and priesthood
ban
Justice and faith are God in man.

W. J. Fox.

PART IV.

SONGS.

I.

Sing Altogether.

1 **S**ING, for the Angels from God's brighter lands,
Link with the lowly their dear loving hands,
The roses of love, and the lilies of truth
They bind for a crown round the forehead of youth.

CHORUS---Sing altogether ; sing, sing, sing !

Sing like a chorus of woodbirds in spring ;
Sing and be happy, sing and be gay,
The fuller of music,
The brighter the day.

2 Gaily to music our hands shall keep time,
Happily bounding our thoughts flow in rhyme,
Working together in movement and word,
The deeps of our souls shall in concert be stirred.

CHORUS---Sing altogether, &c.

3 If errors oppress us, with quickness and tact
Together in crushing them out we will act ;
At pleasure's sweet fountains fraternally drink,
And sweetness and power in one chain we will link,
CHORUS---Sing altogether, &c.

:O:

II.

The Beautiful Hills.

1 **O** ! the beautiful hills, where the blest have trod
Since the year when the Earth was new,
Where our fathers gaze from the fields of God,
On the vale we are journeying through.
We have seen those hills in their brightness rise,
When the world was black below,
And we've felt the thrill of immortal eyes
In the night of our darkest woe.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hills
That rise from the evergreen shore,
O ! sing for the beautiful hills
Where the weary shall toil no more.

2 The cities of yore, that were reared in crime,
 And renowned by the praise of seers,
 Went down in the tramp of old King Time,
 To sleep with his gray-haired years ;
 But the beautiful hills rise bright and strong
 Thro' the smoke of old Time's red wars,
 As on that day when the first deep song
 Rolled up from the morning stars.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hills, &c.

3 We dream of rest on the beautiful hills,
 Where the traveller shall thirst no more :
 And we hear the hum of a thousand rills
 That wander the green glens o'er ;
 We feel the souls of the martyred men
 Who have braved a cold world's frown ;
 We can bear the burden which they did then,
 Nor shrink from their thorny crown.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hills, &c.

4 Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling
 To our feet this load of ours ;
 The wings of spring to the valleys sing,
 And the turf replies with flowers ;
 And thus we learn on our wintry way
 How a mightier arm controls.
 That the breath of God on our lives will play,
 Till our bodies bloom to souls.

CHORUS---Then sing for the beautiful hills, &c.

—:0:—

III.

Cherish Kindly Feelings.

1.

CHERISH kindly feelings, children,
 Nurse them in your heart ;
 Don't forget to take them with you
 When from home you start.
 In the school-room and the parlour.
 At your work or play,
 Kindly thoughts and kindly feelings
 Cherish every day.

2.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
 Toward the old and poor,
 For you know they've many blight-
 ing,

Hardships to endure ;
 Try to make their burdens lighter,
 Help them in their need,
 By some sweet and kindly feeling,
 Or some generous deed.

3.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
 While on earth you stay,
 They will scatter light and sunshine
 All along your way ;
 Make the path of duty brighter,
 Make your trials less ;
 And whate'er your lot or station,
 Bring you happiness.

IV.

Come to the Woods.

1.

COME to the woods, come to the
woods,
Come to the woods, heigho !
Come to the woods, come to the
woods,
When summer glories glow,
And the laughing loving sun
Brightly shines thro' shadows dun,
Come to the woods, come to the
woods,
Come to the woods, heigho !

2

Come to the woods, come to the
woods,
Come to the woods, heigho !
Come to the woods, come to the
woods,

Come from the haunts of woe,
Where the cheering tuneful song
Of the thrush tells no wrong.
Come to the woods, come to the
woods,
Come to the woods, heigho !

3.

Come to the woods, come to the
woods,
Come to the woods, heigho !
Come to the woods, come to the
woods,
With health your cheeks shall glow.
Come, oh come, from dusty town.
Come from dreamy beds of down.
Come to the woods, come to the
woods,
Come to the woods, heigho !

—:—

V.

Old "Glory Hallelujah."

1.

A grand old song, so sweet and
strong,
Old "Glory Hallelujah!"
We'll sing it on Mount Beautiful,
And in the land of Beulah.

CHORUS.

Glory ! glory, glory,
Glory, Glory Hallelujah !"
The hero song, so sweet and
strong,
Old "Glory Hallelujah !

2.

And 'mid the shadowy, gloomy vale,
With darkness closing o'er us,
We hear the chorus joyful rise,
Of pilgrims gone before us.
Glory, &c.

3

And past the lair of "Grim Despair"
We pass, his strength defying,
His challenge dear we do not fear,
But shout with songs replying,
Glory, &c.

4.

With joy sincere we scale Mount
Clear,
White echoes all are ringing.
A mighty song the sound prolong,
We pilgrims must be singing.
Glory, &c.

5.

A good old song, so sweet and
strong,
On earth it led our legions,
But higher praise in angel lays,
Shall fill the starry regions.
Glory, &c.

VI.

The Unseen City.

1.

I think of a city I have not seen,
Except in my hours of dreaming ;
Where feet of mortals have never
been

To darken its soft, soft gleaming.
A glimmer of pearl, and a glint of gold
And a breath from the soul of roses ;
And glory and beauty all untold,
Steal over my calm reposes.

CHORUS.

As I dream of a city I have not seen.
Of a city I have not seen.

2

I think of that city, for O, how oft
My heart has been wrung at parting,
With friends all pale, who with foot-
falls soft
To its airy heights were starting.

I see them again in their raiment
white,
In the blue, blue distance dwelling ;
And I hear their praises in calm de-
light

Come down on the breezes swelling.
As I dream, &c.

3

That beautiful city is home to me.
My loved ones are going thither,
And they who already have crossed
the sea

Are calling, "Come hither, hither,"
The tender eyes that I worshipped
here,
From the golden heights behold me ;
And their songs entrance myraptured
ear

When the wings of slumber fold me.
As I dream, &c.

—:o:—

VII.

Christmas Bells.

1

Merrily, merrily ring the bells,
High in the steeples pealing ;
Beautiful chiming ! it sinks and
swells,

Far o'er the still air stealing.
This is an exquisite world to-night,
Bright as a vision gleaming ;
Beautiful stars, with a cl-ar delight,
Look on its happy dreaming.

CHORUS.

Merrily, merrily rock and swing,
Bells in a thousand steeples !
All the grace of the good Christ
ring
Loud in the ears of the peoples.

2

Christ in the heart of the heavens
so long
Look'st thou not down in wonder,

Seeing the tread of the brilliant
throng,
Marching the earth far under ?
All for thy sake, beloved of men,
Thine, who art pure and holy,
Thinking for aye, in thy paradise,
When Thou wert a mortal lowly.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

3

Little thou dream'st when in Galilee
Fishing by Jordan's river,
Bells in the future would ring for
thee
O'er the broad land for ever.
Scoffs for thy teachings, and thorns
for thy brow,
These were the gifts which cumbered,
Garlands the fairest are wrought
thee now,
High 'mongst God's sons thou'rt
numbered.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

VIII.

Morn Amid the Mountains

<p>1 Morn amid the mountains, Lovely solitude ! Gushing streams and fountains,mur- mur "God is good." Murmur, murmur, murmur, murmur, Gushing streams and fountains mur- mur, "God is good."</p> <p>2 Hymns or praise are ringing Through the leafy wood ; Songsters sweetly singing,</p>	<p>Warble, "God is good." Warble, &c.</p> <p>3 Now the glad sun, breaking, Pours a golden flood ; Deepest vales awaking, Echo, "God is good." Echo, &c.</p> <p>4 Wake, and join the chorus, Child with soul endued ; God whose smile is o'er us, Evermore is good. Ever, &c.</p>
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IX.

Be Happy.

1 **B**E happy ! be happy ! for bright is the earth,
With sunshine and music and love ;
Each day it grows richer in wisdom and worth,
And more like sweet heaven above.

CHORUS—Then let us be happy !
Sunny and bright in the face ;
Oh, let us be happy !
Earth is a beautiful place.

2 Be happy, be happy ! for fountains most sweet
Are gushing along the bright years,
And pathways all pleasant are waiting our feet,
With joys more abundant than tears.

3 Be happy, be happy ! who loves the black clouds,
Which lower in their boding so deep ?
'Tis better to walk in bright raiments than shrouds,
'Tis better to smile than to weep.

X.

The Power of Little Things.

1.

A traveller on the road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.

3.

A man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

2

A spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

4.

O germ ! O fount ! O love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—:o:—

XI.
Marching Song.

1 WE are marching on, we are marching on,
Will you come and march along ?

There is room enough in our ranks for all ;
We will welcome you with song.
Our banners float in the light of love,
And our hearts are warm and true,
Our lessons come from the better land,
Far away in the soft sweet blue.

2 We are marching on, we are marching on,
And our feet grow sure each day ;
We can catch a breath from the landscapes bright
To which we march away.
There are voices ringing back to us,
All glad with their cheerings sweet,
And who would fear, when we almost hear
The chime of the angels' feet ?

3 We are marching on, we are marching on,
But not in idleness ;
This world of ours is a place to learn,
To toil, to love, to bless ;
So day by day we must grow in soul ;
In wisdom, strength, and truth,
As we march along to our cheery song,
Through the pleasant paths of youth.

4 We are marching on, we are marching on,
To the fair lands bathed in light,
Where wisdom rules in majesty,
And Heaven is doing right.
We ask no pledge that a crown of gems
Upon our brows shall glow,
For the silver flowers of immortal bowers,
Within each heart will grow.

XII.

Life's Beautiful Sea.

1

THE waves are bright
With rosy light
Upon life's beautiful sea ;
The shores are new,
The skies are blue,
And who so merry as we ?
New lights are gleaming,
Through all our dreaming,
Off on a distant shore.
O ! glad and cheerful,
Not sad and tearful,
Steer we for the distant shore.

CHORUS.

The waves are bright with rosy light,
Upon life's beautiful sea ;
The shores are new,
The skies are blue,

And who so merry as we ?
We sail away, away, away,
Upon life's beautiful sea.

2.

We sail away,
Day after day,
Over life's beautiful sea,
With faces gay,
As waves that play,
And break in their melody.
Moonlight will meet us,
Daylight will greet us,
Many a time on the wave.
Singing and sailing,
Cheerily hailing
Our brothers and sisters brave.
The waves, &c.

XIII.

Moonlight and Starlight.

1

FAR over ocean, o'er moorland and
lea,
Moonlight and starlight are gleam-
ing ;
Wake from your slumber and wander
with me
Down where the roses are dreaming,
Come to the hills ;
Sing with the rills ;
Roam where the river is shining ;
O ! may our hopes like the star o'er
the sea,
Live when our day is declining.

CHORUS.

Moonlight and starlight silently
beaming,
Gilding the mountain, silv'ring the
wave,

Moonlight and starlight tenderly
streaming,
Over the beautiful,
Over the brave.

2.

Daylight has flown to the caves of
the deep.
Mars o'er the mountain is burning ;
Rise while the wild birds awake
from their sleep,
Come ere the dawn is returning.
Sing me the lays,
Breathing of days,
Radiant of memories olden ;
Sweet as the flowers where the
night shadows weep,
Pure as the moonbeams olden.

XIV.

We shall Meet our Friends in the Morning.

¹ O the cheering dreams we know,
As we toil along below,

To the country where we all shall rest together, friends,
 Where the summer always stays
 With her blossom brightened days,
 And we need not face earth's stormy, wintry-weather friends.

CHORUS—O, glory-lighted land,

Thy valleys deep and grand,

Thy rivers adown them that flow,

Thy silver lakes and streams

Come flashing through our dreams,

As we dwell in our own world below.

We shall meet our friends in the morning,

We shall meet our friends in the morning,

We shall meet our friends in the morning,

When the dream of our earth-life is o'er.

2 Oft our hearts grow sick with pain,

And we hope and pray in vain

That our Father make more sweet earth's bitter fountains, friends,

Then we wipe away our tears,

And look past these cloudy years,

Where a rosy dawn lights up Heaven's vernal mountains, friends,

CHORUS.

3 We shall scarce remember there,

All these battle scars we bear ;

How we cleft a path to glory through the shadows, friends,

For our triumph will be sweet,

And most jubilant our feet,

When we tread at last God's great star-gleaming meadows, friends.

CHORUS.

— 20: —

XV.

I Live for those who Love Me.

1

I live for those who love me,
 For those I know are true ;
 For the heaven that smiles above me
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the human ties that bind me,
 For the task that God assign'd me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

2

I live to hail the season,
 By gifted minds foretold.
 When men shall rule by reason,
 And not alone by gold.
 When man to man united,
 And ev'ry wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted,
 As Eden was of old.

3

I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine,
 To feel there is a union
 'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
 To profit by affliction,
 Reap truths from fields of fiction,
 Grow wiser from conviction,
 And fulfil each grand design.

4

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the Heaven that smiles above me
 And awaits my spirit too ;
 For the wrongs that need resistance,
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the dawning in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

XVI.

O Sacred Presence.

1.

O sacred presence ! Life Divine !
We rear for thee no gilded shrine !
Unfashioned by the hand of art ;
Thy temple is the child-like heart,
No tearful eye, no bended knee,
No servile speech we bring to thee ;
For thy great love tunes ev'ry voice,
And makes each trusting soul rejoice.

CHORUS.

Then strike your lyres, ye angel choirs !
The sound prolong,
O white-robed throng !
Till ev'ry creature joins the song !

2.

We will not mock thy holy name
With titles high of empty fame,
For thou with all thy works and ways,
Art far beyond our feeble praise ;
But freely as the birds that sing,
The soul's spontaneous gift we bring,
And like the fragrance of the flow'rs,
We consecrate to thee our powers.

3.

All souls in circling orbits run
Around thee as their central sun ;
And as the planets roll and burn,
To thee, O Lord, for light we turn ;
Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space,
Shall rob us of our name or place ;
But we shall love thee and adore,
Through endless ages evermore.

XVII.

Truth.

1. O Truth, we turn as to the light. | Thou art a.. Treasure above all price.
2. To thee we bow the knee as to our king. | Thou guid'st in pleasant places ;
3. Lifting the dark clouds from our souls | Revealing the joys of heaven.
4. Thy celestial beacon gleams. | Over the shadows and.. valley of death.
5. Thou art the harmony of Nature's laws. | The goal of .. perfect spirit.
6. Thou art the King of the world, | our Redeemer.. Saviour and friend.
6. Our feet shall be swift at thy bidding. | Our voices ever.. ascend in thy praise. A-men.

No. XVIII.

The Angels of Consolation.

1. With silence only as their benediction, the angels come,
Where in the shadow of a great affliction, the soul sits dumb.
2. Yet would we say, what every heart approveth, our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth is mercy still.
3. Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel hath evil wrought ;
The fun'ral anthem is a glad evangel ; the good die not.
4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly what he has given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly as in his heaven.

XIX.

Where the Roses ne'er shall Wither

1

Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
We shall meet, we shall meet,
Where no wintry storm can roll,
Driving summer from the soul,
Where all hearts are tuned to love,
On that happy shore above.

CHORUS.

Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
Angel bands will guide us thither,
Where the roses ne'er shall wither.

2

Where the hills are ever vernal,
And the springs of youth eternal,

We shall meet, we shall meet,
Where life's morning dream returns,
And the noon-day never burns,
Where the dew of life is love,
On that happy shore above.

Where the roses, &c.

3

Where no cruel word is spoken,
Where no faithful heart is broken,
We shall meet, we shall meet,
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Friend with friend no more to part;
Ne'er to grieve for those we love,
On that happy shore above.

Where the roses, &c.

—:o:—

XX.

Star of the Evening.

1.

Beautiful star, in heaven so bright ;
Softly falls thy silvery light,
As thou mov'st from earth afar ;
Star of the evening, beautiful star,

CHORUS.

Beautiful star, beautiful star ;
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

2.

In fancy's ear thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away ;
Upward thy spirit pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky ;

3.

Shine on, O star of love divine ;
And may our soul's affections twine
Round thee as thou mov'st afar ;
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

—:o:—

XXI.

Keep a Pure Heart.

AIR—"Crystal Fountain."

Come, let us sing together,
As leaves sing on a tree,
When through the swaying branches
The wind pipes merrily.
Let us repeat a lesson
Our Angel guides impart ;
That he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

2.

We learn a loving spirit
Will beautify the face,
And fashion every feature
To soft angelic grace.
While sinful thoughts and feelings
Will spoil the brightest eyes,
And mar the lips of childhood,
Though steeped in rosy dyes.

3.

Each child may make his spirit
 An angel, clad in clay,
 And do an angel's mission
 To others every day.
 How many bleeding gashes
 His little hands may bind ;
 How sweet the ways of Heaven
 Thus placed before mankind !

4.

Oh, who would covet brilliants
 To glitter on his brow ?
 Or who win empty honours
 That all the world may bow ?
 Since well we know the lesson
 Our Angel guides impart ;
 That he shall be most blessed
 Who keeps the purest heart.

Emma Tuttle.

XXII.

Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

1 Scatter the germs of the beautiful !
 By the wayside let them fall,
 That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
 And the vine on the garden wall ;
 Cover the rough and the rude of earth
 With a veil of leaves and flowers,
 And mark with the opening bud and cup
 The march of summer hours.

2 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the holy shrine of home,
 Let the pure and fair and the graceful there
 In their loveliest lustre come ;
 Leave not a trace of deformity
 In the temple of the heart,
 But gather about its hearth the gems
 Of nature and of art.

3 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the temple of our God,
 Of the God who starred the uplifted sky,
 And who flowered the trampled sod ;
 Building a temple for himself
 And a home for every race ;
 He reared each arch in symmetry,
 And curved each line in grace.

4 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the depth of ev'ry soul ;
 They shall bud and blossom and bear the fruit
 While the endless ages roll ;
 Plant with the flowers of charity
 The portals of the tomb,
 And truth, love, joy about your path
 In Paradise shall bloom.

XXIII.

One by One.

1.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going.
 Strive not thou to grasp them all.
 One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what those can
 teach.

2.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
 See how small each moment's pain ;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear ;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.

3.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passion hours despond,
 Nor the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.
 Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven, but one by one,
 Take them lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Procter.

—:0:—

XXIV.

Shall we know the Loved Ones There ?

1 **A**ND shall we know the loved ones there,
 In you bright world of love and bliss,
 When on the wings of ambient air,
 Our spirits soar away from this ?
 Or must we feel the ceaseless pain
 Of absence in that glorious sphere,
 And search through heaven's bright hosts in vain
 The sainted forms we've cherished here ?

2 Will not their hearts demand us there—
 Those hearts, whose fondest throb were given
 To us on earth, whose every prayer
 Petitioned for our ties in heaven ?
 Whose love outlived the stormy past,
 And closer twined around us here,
 And deeper grew until the last—
 Say, will they not demand us there ?

3 Will they not wander lonely o'er
 Those fields of light and life above,
 If spirits they have loved of yore
 Respond not to the call of love ?
 And though the glory of the skies,
 And seraph's glittering crowns they wear,
 Though heaven's full radiance greet their eyes.
 Still, will they not demand us there ?

4 It must be so ; for heaven is home,
 Where several spirits reunite ;
 And from the basement to its dome,
 Are altars sacred to the rite ;

And joy doth strike her golden strings,
And holier seems that home of bliss,
As some reft heart from earth upsprings
To meet in that the loved of this.

—:o:—

XXV.

Blessings of Trials.

1 **W**EEP not ! God's angel now is standing by us ;
Our tears will blind us to the blessed sight ;
Doubt not such love in darkness sent to try us ;
For soon shall pour the heaven's eternal light !
Faint not ! 'tis Love whose heavy burdens bind us ;
Girding our souls a higher joy to share ;
Life's selfish ways must all be left behind us ;
We shall be braver for the past despair,

2 Oh, not in loss shall be our journey's ending !
Sin, with its fears, shall leave us at the last ;
All our best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Shall dawn so golden when the death is past.
Come, O Divine ! for hard the trials pressing
On our frail hearts that bleed at every pore ;
Securely lead us to the constant blessing
Of Love's pure fountain in the evermore !

—:o:—

XXVI.

We love the Father.

1
We love the Father, He's so good,
We see him in the flower,
We hear him in the rain-drop,
He speaketh in the shower,
His smile is in the sunlight,
His beauty in the bow,
We hear his whisper in the breeze,
And in the zephyr low.

2
His wisdom's in the dew drop,
That sparkles on the lea,
His truth is in the violet's hue,
His love's in all we see.
He's merciful and kind to all,
And ever just and true,
To those who truly on Him call,
He ever gives their due.

3
He soothes the striken mourner's
heart,
He aids the weary soul,
And leads them, while he joy imparts
To an eternal goal,
In Nature's grandest work we find,
His great immortal skill :
Then let us each with humble mind,
Learn to obey his will.

4
Oh, may we ever gentle be,
In all our works and ways,
In all our conduct frank and free,
And his great goodness praise.
In everything we look upon,
His image we can see.
We love the Father, He's so good,
And teaches us to be.

XXVII.

Nearness to God.

1

Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

2

Though, like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My bed a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

3

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me,

In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

4

Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

5

Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly ;
 Still all my songs shall be
 Nearer, My God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

XXVIII.

The Life of Life.

1

Life of all being ! throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near !

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn
 Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn :
 Our rainbow's arch Thy mercy's sign
 All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

2

Sun of our life ! Thy wak'ning ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
 Star of our hope ; Thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Assist us, then, to act, to be,
 What nature and Thy laws decree,
 Worthy Thy intellectual flame,
 Which, from Thy breathing spirit
 came.

3.

XXIX.

Spiritual Liberty.

1 THE world hath felt a quick'ning breath
 From heav'n's eternal shore,
 And souls triumphant over death
 Return to earth once more
 For this we hold our jubilee,
 For this with joy we sing,
 " O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is Thy sting ?"

2 Our cypress wreaths are laid aside
 For amaranthine flowers,
 For death's cold wave does not divide
 The souls we love from ours ;
 From pain and death and sorrow free,
 They join with us to sing—
 “O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?”

3 “Sweet spirits, welcome yet again !”
 With loving hearts we cry ;
 And “Peace on earth, good-will to men,”
 The angel hosts reply.
 From doubt and fear, through truth made free—
 With faith triumphant sing,
 “O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?”

—:o:—

XXX.

Where have the Beautiful gone ?

Where have the souls of our beautiful ones flown,
 Down in the shadows of death's river ?
 Why have they left us in sorrow and a-lone,
 Say, are they gone from us forever ?
 Truth never dies, love only flies
 Back to the heavenly fountain ;
 Gloom veils the shore, night rolls before,
 Morn paints the far blue mountain.

CHORUS.—Where the distant mountains wear,
 On their brows the glow of day,
 We will walk together there,
 When the shadows roll away.

Say, do the dear ones remember, as of yore,
 Those who are lingering in sorrow ?
 Will they return ere our wanderings are o'er,
 Cheering our journey ere the morrow ?
 Love ever burns, fondly it turns,
 Faithful to mem'ries olden ;
 Angels are near, guiding us here,
 Safe to the mountains golden.

CHORUS.—Yes, they come to dry the tears,
 From the mourner's weeping eyes,
 And they fill the night of years,
 As the stars the evening skies.

Where have the souls of our beautiful ones flown,
 Over the shadows of death's river ;
 We shall behold them, and call them our own,
 Sharing their glory for ever.

XXXI.

All Hail Sublime!

1. Father of earth and sky,
 Whose all be-holding eye
 Looks through all time,
 Whose fingers weave the light
 Of morning's glory bright
 Upon the woof of night,
 All hail, Sublime !
 Whose more than matchless will
 The thunder bids be still,
 Or light'ning's gleam ;
 Who over earth and air,
 Systems divinely fair,
 Spheres bright with beauty rare,
 Reigneth supreme !

2. God of the unseen world !
 Thy mystic might unfurl'd
 O'er this dark sphere,
 Around us lead in light,
 Thy viewless children bright,
 Who stand for thee and right—
 Our friends still dear.
 Oh ! may the gentle shower
 Of sweet ethereal power,
 Dew-like and free,
 Refresh us even now,
 Our souls with love endow,
 And lift us while be how,
 Nearer to Thee.

—:o:—

XXXII

Morn of Freedom.

1.

Soon shall the trump of freedom
 Resound from shore to shore ;
 Soon, taught by heavenly wisdom,
 Man shall oppress no more ;
 But ev'ry yoke be broken,
 Each captive soul set free,
 And ev'ry heart shall welcome
 The day of jubilee.

2.

The morn of peace is beaming,
 Its glory will appear ;
 Behold its early gleaming,
 The day is dawning near ;

1. The spear shall then be broken,
 And sheathed the glitt'ring sword ;
 The olive be the token,
 And peace the greeting word.

3.

Yes, yea, the day is breaking !
 Far brighter glows its beam !
 The nations round are waking,
 As from a midnight dream.
 They see its radiance shedding,
 Where all was dark as night ;
 'Tis higher, wider speeding,
 A boundless flood of light !

PART V.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

I.

The Lyceum.

What is the Lyceum ?

The school of a liberal and harmonious education.

What is its object ?

The unfoldment of all the faculties in their due order and degree.

How is this attained ?

By first removing all obstacles to self-development, and then providing the expanding intelligence with the fitting food, which it can assimilate according to its needs.

What are the two great divisions of its study ?

The Physical and the Mental Nature.

How does it accomplish Physical education ?

By a series of calisthenics, arranged so as to exercise every portion of the body.

In what way is mental advancement obtained ?

By such instruction as calls forth the rational powers of the pupils, through judicious information and careful discussion.

How are the artistic sensibilities appealed to ?

By the Badges, Standards, and Banners, with graceful marching and exercises.

Of what use are the Recitations and Responses ?

They embody in poetry and prose choice selections of great truths, thus impressed upon the memory, awakening the understanding and gladdening the heart.

What is the chief principle of our system ?

Harmony.

What is its particular manifestation ?

Music and singing, in which our unity of feeling and purpose is at once symbolised and expressed.

What is the invariable accompaniment of all our exertions ?

Pleasure. That which is right is always delightful to the healthy spirit.

Which office is the most important ?

The Leaders, since upon them devolves the responsibility of directing and encouraging the young and plastic minds, susceptible to every breath of influence.

Recall the duties of children ?

Punctuality, order, attention, diligence, and earnestness ; subordination and obedience, kindness and self-restraint.

What distinguishes the Lyceum method from other modes of tuition ?
Its recognition of the 'intellectual rights, freedom, and conditions of the young ; its comprehensiveness, variety, and tolerance ; the scope it gives to individuality, and its perfect accordance with the laws of nature. What is its most characteristic quality ?

That it teaches a Religion of Reason, a creed without dogmas, in a ritual whose only laws are Beauty and Truth, and whose sole end is Goodness.

What is its glorious aim.

The spiritual, moral, and intellectual elevation of its members, and through them of the world at large.

Let us remember this, and each recognising the lofty standard of our commonwealth, fulfil his or her part in faithful devotion. So shall we come to realise its superb ideal.

A.D.

—:o:—

II.

The Lyceum Song.

AIR. — “ *Crystal Fountain.* ”

1.

Our hearts are bound together,
A chain of chaliced blooms,
Wooing the dews of heaven,
And rich in sweet perfumes.
The skill of angel fingers
Combined the circlet fair,
And bade us be love's lillies,
The dusky earth shall wear

2.

We love our march and music,
Our banners bright unfurled,
Our lessons and our teachers,
And all the great wide world.
Our souls behold God's goodness,
And blossom into prayer—
Prayer which shall speak in actions
Of kindness everywhere.

3.

We meet with glances sparkling
To touch the skirts of Truth,
And plant the germs of wisdom
Along the banks of youth.
The brightly tinted roses
Will bless us bye and bye,
And our glad souls will wear them
Through death in victory.

4.

We part, and may each member,
Wherever he may go,
Work for the poor and sinful,
And keep as pure as snow !
Our confidence is boundless,
For though we walk with men,
Angels will watch and guide us
Until we meet again.

Emma Tuttle.

—:o:—

III.

The Law of Love.

1.

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

2.

But then, when such are found no
more,
Though flowing broad and free,
Till them, and nourished from on high
It straightway staunched will be.

3.

Dig channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run,
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

4.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,

The very founts of love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

5.

For we must share if we would keep
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
Such is the law of love.

R. C. Trench.

—:—

IV.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

1.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
Can we find it in the grave ?
No : the green embroidered mound
Where the lowly grasses wave
Doth not rest the weary soul
In its silence dark and deep ;
For Death's melancholy toll
Only lays the form to sleep.

2.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
For the spirit cannot die,
Nor lie dreamless in the ground
As the last year's roses lie.
In the clustered gems of earth—
Diamonds, garnets, opals, pearls ?
Brilliants are of little worth,
Save to signal kings and earls.

3.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
In the dow'r which beauty gives ?
No : the head with graces crowned
Bows, and fades, and vanishes ;

Bears its griefs and braves its pains,
Dreaming of a perfect rest ;
Mourns its losses, counts its gains,
Rosaries upon the breast.

4.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
In the laurel-leaves of fame,
Wherewith mighty men are crown'd
When the peoples shout a name ?
No, not there ; for crowning leaves
Soon grow faded, crisp, and brown ;
And thought's roaring ocean heaves
New names up and beats old down.

5.

Where may perfect peace be found ?
Tell us, O ye guides above !
" Perfect peace ? she sitteth crown'd
In the soul replete with love."
There, serene 'mid clash and jars
Dwelling in earth's twilight even,
She can pass the tomb's dark bars,
And live on for aye in heaven.

Emma Tutt.

—:—

V.

Better than Gold.

¹ **B**ETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please ;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow ;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere ;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth ;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennable a poor man's cot ;
For mind and morals in Nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

3 Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labours close ;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed.
Where luxury pillows his aching head :
His simple opiate labour deems
A short road to the land of dreams.

4 Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

—:o:—

VI.

Maximus.

1
Many, if God should make them
kings,
Might not disgrace the throne he
gave ;
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave.

2.
I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with generous, earnest
will ;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet
sake
I think I hold more generous still.

3.
I prize the instinct that can turn
From vain pretence with proud
disdain ;
Yet more I prize a simple heart
Paying credulity with pain.

4.
I bow before the noble mind,
That freely some great wrong
forgives ;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and
lives.

5.
It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart ;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a higher part.

6.
Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success ;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

7.

Great may be he who can command,
And rule with just and gentle sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

8.

Blessed are those who die for good
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for good may be
A greater conqueror in Truth's sight.

A. A. Proctor.

—:o:—

VII.

The Philosophy of Life.

Con.—Let us be liberal after the example of our great Creator, and give to others with the same consideration that he hath given to us.

Rt. Div.—He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man.

Lt. Div.—For without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

Con.—Tranquility is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of Fortune can either exalt or depress.

Rt. Div.—It raises us as far as we can go.

Lt. Div.—It is human perfection.

Con.—Generosity, Gratitude, and Tranquility are the strength and splendour of the soul.

Rt. Div.—A sound mind makes a happy man.

Lt. Div.—He that fears serves.

Con.—The foundation of Happiness is Wisdom and Virtue.

Rt. Div.—Wisdom is to know what we ought to do.

Lt. Div.—Virtue is to do it.

Con.—Virtue is the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality.

Rt. Div.—All virtues are in agreement.

Lt. Div.—All vices are at variance.

Con.—A clear conscience is the testimony and reward of a good life.

Rt. Div.—No man is happy who depends upon Fortune for his happiness.

Lt. Div.—It is preposterous to place the good of a reasonable creature on unreasonable things.

Con.—No man is ever poor who seeks for what he wants within himself.

Rt. Div.—The greatest wealth of a man is to have a mind that subjects all things to itself.

Lt. Div.—Such a one goes not to Heaven; Heaven comes to him.

Con.—A good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of Divinity within him.

Seneca.

—:o:—

VIII.

Memorabilia.

TO halls of heavenly truth admission wouldst thou win?
Oft knowledge stands without, while Love may enter in.

Lovingly to each other sun and moon give place,
Else were the mighty heaven for them too narrow space.

Despise not little sins, for mountain high may stand
The piled heap made up of smallest grains of sand.

Despise not little sins; the gallant ship may sink,
Though only drop by drop the watery tide it drink.

Merely thyself, oh man, thou cans't not long abide,
But presently for less or greater must decide.
Owe no man ought save love, but that esteem a debt
Which thou must ever pay, well pleased to owe it yet.
Would'st thou do harm, and still thyself unharmed abide?
None struck another yet, except through his own side.
Loved wilt thou be? Then love by thee must first be given,
No purchase money else availa beneath the heaven.
When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time will thou have then for murmurs and lament.
Truth, knowledge, wisdom, love, oh lay up these in store.
True wealth which all may share, and yet yourselves have more.
What thing thou lovest most thou mak'st its nature thine,
Earthly if that be earth,—if that be God, divine.
One furnace many times the good and bad will hold :
Yet what consumes the chaff will only cleanse the gold.
The tasks, the joys of earth, the same in heaven will be ;
Only the little brook has widened to a sea.
God, being so great, great gifts most willingly imparts,
But we continue poor that have such narrow hearts. *R. C. Trench.*

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IX.

Flowers.

- 1 SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelled by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine,
- 2 Stars they are wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.
- 3 Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flow'rets under us
Stands the revelation of his love,
- 4 Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth,—the golden flowers.
- 5 And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in 'his brain and heart.
- 6 Gorgeous flow'rets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,

Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

7 Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;
Large desires with most uncer'ain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night.

8 In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

9 And with child-like credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Longfellow.

—:o:—

X.

The Kingdom of God.

1.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To each and all thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street.

2.

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.

3.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain ;

4.

If we our conscience will obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

5.

And we, on divers shores now cast,

Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in the spirit land at last.

6.

In all thy deeds remember this,
And faithfully—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss.

7.

Who will not count it true that love
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

8.

And one truth further deeply know
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego ;

9.

Despite of all which seems at strife,
Or suffering, or with curses rife,
That this is blessing this is life.

R. C. Trench.

—:o:—

XI.

Hope on, Hope ever.

I **H**OPE on, hope ever : though to-day be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to morrow ;
Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow.
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thought or love thee,
Cheer up, poor heart, thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all, and heaven above thee :
Hope on, hope ever,

2 Hope on, hope ever ; after darkest night,
 Comes full of loving life the laughing morning.
 Hope on, hope ever ; Spring-tide flushed with light,
 Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
 Hope on, hope for ever ; yet the time shall come
 When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
 And this old world shall be a happy home,
 And all Earth's family love one another.

Hope on, hope ever.

Gerald Massey.

—:o:—

XII.

Trust to the Future.

1 **T**RUST to the future. Though gloomy and cheerless,
 Prowls the dark past like a shade at thy back,
 Look not behind thee ; be hopeful and fearless ;
 Steer for the right way, and keep to the track.
 Fling off despair, it hath strength like a giant ;
 Shoulder thy purpose, and, boldly defiant,
 Save to the right, stand unmoved and unpliant :
 Faith and God's promise the brave never lack.

2 Trust to the future. The present may fright thee,
 Scowling so fearfully close at thy side :
 Face it unmoved, and no danger can blight thee ;
 He who stands boldly each blast shall abide.
 Never a storm but the tainted air needs it ;
 Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds it ;
 Each has a lesson, and he alone reads it
 Rightly, who takes it, and makes it his guide.

3 Trust to the future ; it stands like an angel,
 Waiting to lead thee, to bless, and to cheer ;
 Singing of hope like some blessed evangeli,
 Luring thee on to a brighter career.
 Why should the past or the present oppress thee ?
 Stamp on their coils ; for with arms to caress thee,
 See, the great future stands yearning to bless thee ;
 Press boldly forward, nor yield to a fear.

4 Trust to the future : it will not deceive thee,
 So thou but meet it with brave heart and strong,
 Now begin living anew, and, believe me,
 Gladness and triumph will follow ere long.
 Never a night but there cometh a morrow ;
 Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
 Something of gladness to lighten a sorrow :
 Life unto such is a conqueror's song.

—:o:—

XIII.

The Inward Power.

WHEN the gloom is deepest round thee,
 When the bands of grief have bound thee
 And, in loneliness and sorrow,
 By the poisoned springs of life

Thou sitt'st yearning for a morrow
 That will free thee from the strife,
 Look not upward, for above thee
 Neither sun nor star is gleaming ;
 Put not faith in mortal seeming.
 Lightly would they hold and leave thee
 E'en thy friends may all neglect thee ;
 But in the depths of thy own soul
 Descend, and mightier powers unroll—
 Energies that long have slumbered
 In its trackless depths unnumbered.
 Speak the word ! the power divinest
 Will awake if thou inclinest.
 Thou art loved in thy own kingdom ;
 Rule thyself, thou rulest all.
 Smile when fortune's proud dominion
 Roughly touched shall rudely fall.
 Be true unto thyself, and fear not
 Evil thoughts that would enslave thee :
 God is in thee ! Mortal, fear not ;
 Trust in Him, and He will save thee.

From the German of Mahlmann.

—:0:—

XIV.

Sowing and Reaping.

1.
 Sow with a generous hand
 Pause not for toil or pain,
 Weary not through the heat of
 summer,
 Weary not thro' the cold spring rain,
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.

2.
 Scatter the seed, and fear not,
 A table will be spread ;
 What matter if you are weary
 To eat your hard-earned bread ;
 Now while the earth is broken,
 For the hungry must be fed.

3.
 Sow while the seeds are lying
 In the warm earth's bosom deep,
 And your warm tears fall upon it,

They will stir in their quiet sleep
 And the green blades rise the
 quicker,
 Perchance for the tears you weep.

4.
 Then sow, for the hours are fleeting
 And the seed must fall to-day,
 And care not what hands shall reap it
 Or if you shall have passed away
 Before the waving corn fields
 Shall gladden the sunny day.

5.
 Sow, and look onward, upward,
 Where the starry light appears,
 Where, in spite of the coward's
 doubting,
 Or your own heart's trembling fears,
 You shall reap in joy the harvest
 You have sown to-day in tears.

B. A. Proctor

XV.

To the Murmurer.

1.

Why wilt thou make light music
Give forth a sound of pain?
Why wilt thou weave fair flowers
Into a weary chain?

2.

Why turn each cool grey shadow
Into a world of fears?
Why say the winds are wailing?
Why call the dew drops tears?

3.

The voice of happy nature,
And the Heaven's sunny gleam,
Reprove thy sick heart's fancies.
Upbraid thy foolish dream.

4.

Listen, and thou shalt joy in
The song creation sings,
From the humming of bees in the
heather
To the flutter of angels' wings.

5.

An echo rings forever,
The sound can never cease;

It speaks to God of glory,
It speaks to earth of peace.

6.

Not alone did angels sing it
To the poor shepherd's ear,
But the spher'd hours chant it
While listening ages hear.

7.

Above the peevish wailing,
Rises that holy song;
Above earth's foolish clamour,
Above the voice of wrong.

8.

No creature of God's too lowly
To murmur peace and praise;
When the starry nights grow silent
Then speak the sunny days.

9.

So leave the sick heart's fancies,
And lend thy little voice
To the silver song of glory
That bids the world rejoice.

A. A. Proctor.

—:0:—

XVI.

The Angel of Death.

1 **W**HY should'st thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies?
Ready to kiss away the struggling breath;
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes.

2 How many a tranquil soul hast passed away;
Fled gladly from fierce pain and pleasures dim,
To the eternal splendour of the day,
And many a troubled heart still calls for him.

3 Spirits, too tender for the battle here,
Have turned from life, its hopes, its fears, its charms,
And children shuddering at a world so drear,
Have, smiling, passed away into his arms.

4 He whom thou fearest will, to ease its pain,
Lay his cold hand upon thy aching heart ;
Will soothe the terrors of thy troubled brain,
And bid the shadows of earth's grief depart.

5 He will give back what neither time nor might,
To passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore
(Dear as to long blind eyes recovered sight),
He will give back those who are gone before.

6 Oh, what were life if life were all ? Thine eyes
Are blinded by the tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee. *A. A. Proctor*

XVII.

The Present.

1. Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled ;
Hush your voice to tender reverence
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead ;
For the Present reigns our monarch
With an added weight of hours ;
Honor her, for she is mighty ;
Honor her, for she is ours.

2. She inherits all his treasures,
She his heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the lustre of his name ;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brows she wears the laurels,
And his harvest in her hands.

3. See the shadow of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne ;
Every day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown ;
Noble things the great Past promised
Holy dreams both strange and new,
But the present shall fulfil them,
What he promised she shall do.

4. She can never reign and conquer
If we now her glory dim ?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
Bids us serve the great to-day.

XVIII.

We do not die.

1. We do not die—we cannot die ;
We only change our state of life
When these earth temples fall and lie
Unmoving 'mid the world's wild
strife.

2. There is no death in God's wide world
But one eternal scene of change ;
The flag of life is never furled.
" only taketh wider range.

3. And when the spirit leaves its frame—
Its home in which it long hath
wept,
It goes, a life that's real to claim,
As if in this it had but slept.

4. Then let us speak not of "the dead,"
For none are dead—all live, all love—
Our friends have only changed—have
sped,
From lower homes to homes above.

XIX.

Life.

1	Life is the hour that lies between Earth and the heavenly spheres ; And merges like some tranquil dream, In Love's immortal years.	4	Life is a strain of sacred love The inmost spirit sings, Then rises to the spheres above, While heaven with gladness rings.
2	Life is the kindling of a star In heavenly skies to shine, Where sin, nor strife, nor sorrow mar The harmonies divine.	5	Life is a hymn of holy thought From God's paternal mind ; And soul into his image wrought And in his truth enshrined.
3	Life is the blooming of a flower, Whose blossom shall impart A fragrance to Love's Eden bower, A joy to God's own heart.	6.	Life is, to be a beauteous part Of Nature's perfect whole, To dwell in fellowship of heart With the Creative Soul. <i>T. L. Harris.</i>

—:o:—

XX.

Death.

1	Death is the fading of a cloud The breaking of a chain ; The rending of a mortal shroud We ne'er shall see again.	'Tis freedom from the chains of earth, The pilgrim's heavenly goal.	
2	Death is the conqueror's welcome home, The heavenly city's door ; The entrance of the world to come, 'Tis life for evermore.	4	Death is the close of life's alarms, The watch-light on the shore ; The clasping in immortal arms Of loved ones gone before.
3	Death is the mightier second birth, Th' unveiling of the soul ;	5	Death is a song from seraph lips, The day-spring from on high ; The ending of the soul's eclipse— Its transit to the sky.

T. L. Harris.

—:o:—

XXI.

Hand in Hand with Angels.

4 **H**AND in hand with angels, through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know :
Tenderer voices cheer us than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

2 Hand in hand with angels ; some are out of sight,
Leading us unknowing into paths of light ;
Some soft hands are covered from our mortal clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us with a firmer grasp.

3 Hand in hand with angels, walking every day,
How the chain may brighten none of us can say ;
Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph standing near the throne.

4 Hand in hand with angels, ever let us go ;
Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow.
One electric love chord, thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through vast ages, higher—ever higher. *L. Larcom.*

—:o:—

XXII.**Love All.****1.**

Love all ! there is no living thing
Which God has not created ;
Love all ! there is no living thing
Which God has ever hated.

2.

His love sustains the lowest life—
Whate'er doth live or perish ;
And man may not disdain to love
What God hath loved to cherish.

3.

Love all ! for hate begetteth hate,
And love through love increaseth ;
Love all ! for hate shall faint and
fail,
While love, like God, ne'er ceaseth.

4.

Love is the law, the life supreme,
The goal where all are tending ;
The hate shall die, the strife shall
cease
But love is never-ending.

—:o:—

XXIII.**From the Recesses.**

1 **F**ROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father ! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of love and meekness ;
Forgive its weakness !

2 We see Thy hand ; it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away ; and still Thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

4 O how long suffering, Lord ! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering ; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 None can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling ?
Oh ! none can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And never love thee.

5 Kind Benefactor ! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness ; and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

6 Then place them in thy everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
Where every flower that's passed thro' life's bright portal
Becomes immortal,

—o:—

XXIV.

Spirit Longing.

1 **F**OREVER wakefully the air is turning
To catch some token from the shadowy sphere ;
Forever is the full heart strongly yearning
Some word of promise from its depths to hear.

2 And there are kindred spirits dwelling by us,
And mingling yet their loving thoughts with ours
Forever dwelling in communion nigh us,
In virtue's way to cheer our lagging powers.

3 Oh, there are voices that will at our asking
Come to assure us of that better state,
Where, evermore in endless pleasure basking,
Those gone before, our fond re-union wait.

4 The grave is not a bourne whose sombre portal
Closeth eternal o'er the bright and fair,
But through the gate, to blessedness immortal,
The spirit passes endless life to share,

5 Still old affection hereward back is turning,
And whispering words to us of joy and peace,
And spiritual eyes are round us burning,
With holier love as heavenly powers increase.

—o:—

XXV.

Angel Footsteps.

1

2

When the hours of day are numbered	Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And the voices of the night	And like phantoms grim and tall,
Wake the better soul that slumbered	Shadows from the fitful firelight
To a holy calm delight :	Dance upon the parlor wall,

XXVIII.

Not Lost.

1.

THE look of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angels heard
The secret deed of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes,
These are not lost.

2.

The sacred music of a tender strain
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief or pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear
It is not lost.

3.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes that once were pure and white ;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing to be once more strong, clean, and whole :
These are not lost.

4.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth
When dreams had less of self and more of truth ;
The child-like faith so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat in patience at the Master's feet :
These are not lost.

5.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood ;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin :
These are not lost.

6.

Not lost, O Lord ! for in Thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light ;
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely knew :
These were not lost.

XXIX.

Charity.

1.

If we knew the cares and crosses,
Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day;
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our hearts a stain ?

2.

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart we blame,
Would our human hearts dare doom them

Back to haunts of vice and shame ?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many breaks of woe,
And the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest—
This the blessed angels know.

3.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature
Cherish good that still survives ;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may have the blest fruition
Of unselfish love to men.

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XXX.

The Other World.

1.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see ;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

2.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between
With breathings almost heard.
So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream

3.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be ;
Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

4.

Sweet sounds around us watch us still
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide
Let death between us be as nought,
A dried and vanished stream ;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

XXXI.

The Cruse that Faileth Not.

1.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting ?
 Rise and share it with thy friend ;
 And through all the years of famine
 There will be enough to spend.
 Love divine may fill thy storehouse,
 Or thy handful still renew ;
 Scanty fare for one will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

2.

For the heart grows rich in giving ;
 All its wealth is living grain,
 Seeds which mildew in the garner,

Scattered, fill with gold the plain ;
 Is thy burden hard and heavy ?
 Do thy steps drag wearily ?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden ;
 Angels bear both it and thee !

3.

Numb and weary on the mountains
 Would'st thou sleep amid the snow ?
 Clad in frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle ?
 Many wounded round thee mourn ;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
 And the balm shall heal thine own

—:0:—

XXXII.

God in the Soul.

1.

THOU God, beneath no temple's fane
 Our mocking vows we pay ;
 All prayers, all offerings are vain
 We on their altars lay.
 Vain is the priestly sacrifice,
 The offering and the blood ;
 Only within the soul can rise
 The incense true to God.

2.

Within the heart's most deep recess,
 Where holiest thoughts arise,
 And sacred love flows out to bless

The world and upper skies,
 There is Thine altar, there we bring,
 With an adoring throng,
 Our heart-felt offerings, and sing
 Our ever grateful song.

3.

Thy golden threads of light and love
 Thy gems of purest joy,
 Within life's endless web are wove,
 That time can not destroy.
 Tis meet we should adore Thee thus,
 When by this life we see
 Thy life of life, innate in us,
 And all our lives in Thee.

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XXXIII.

Be True.

THOU must be true thyself
 If thou the truth would'st teach ;
 Thy soul must overflow if thou
 Another's soul would'st reach.
 It needs the overflow of heart
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed ;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed ;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed. *Bonar.*

XXXIV.

White Souls—White Roses.

If half our dreams of holy days,
 When once we gain heaven's holy highlands,
 Could melt into a shining haze
 To beautify earth's barren islands ;
 If half the lilies floating sweet
 Upon the waters over yonder,
 Could gladden hearts too faint to beat
 With joy, were it not well, I wonder ?

If loving words we think to say
 In silver accents up in glory,
 Were uttered by us day by day,
 How liquid sweet would grow life's story !
 How many faces worn with care
 Would lighten to the call of duty ;
 How full of music were the air,
 How redolent this world of beauty !

If half the noble deeds we know
 The blessed angels do above us
 Began on earth, less cold and slow
 Were we to think the dear dead love us,
 We should not look for moon-like eyes,
 Pearl-cold to shine in heavenward distance ;
 But near and far the bending skies
 Would lighten with our friends' existence.

If half the beauty which we pray
 May garment us in lands immortal
 Might bud on earth and shape the clay
 We wear this side the crystal portal ;
 If love, the artist most divine,
 In moulding human clay to beauty,
 Could overrule ambition's shrine,
 And thus make loveliness a duty,

The world would have more radiant heads
 Fit for a circlet of white roses—
 So many sleeping on white beds
 Where comes no day-breaks or day-closes ;
 'Twere better that we meekly wear
 The pure white flowers on foreheads holy,
 Making our lives a fervent prayer,
 Than don them with our grave-clothes lowly.

Emma Tuttle.

XXXV.

Life's Beatitudes.

OUR sweet illusions only die,
 Fulfilling love's pure prophecy
 And every wish for better things
 An undreamed beauty nearer brings,
 For fate is servitor of love ;
 Desire and hope and longing prove
 The secret of immortal youth,
 And nature cheats us into truth.

Oh kind allurers, wisely sent,
 Beguiling with benign intent,
 Still move us through divine unrest
 To seek the lowliest and the best.
 E'erlong the flitting glimpse of good
 Shall rest in full beatitude ;
 And more than all to earth denied
 Shall greet us on the other side.

Whittier.

—o:—

XXXVI.

Voices of the Past and Future,

1 **A** WAILING voice came up a desolate road,
 Drearly, drearily, drearily !
 Where mankind have trodden the by-way of blood,
 Wearily, wearily, wearily !
 Like a sound of the Dead Sea, all shrouded in glooms ;
 With breaking hearts, fetters clanking, men groaning,
 Or chorus of ravens, that croak among tombs,
 It comes with the mournfullest moaning :
 "Weep, weep, weep!"
 Yoke-fellows listen
 Till tearful eyes glisten :
 'Tis the voice of the Past,—the dark, grim-featured Past,
 All sad as the shriek of the midnight blast.
 Weep, weep, weep !
 Tears to wash out the red, red stain.
 Where life ran a deluge of hot, bloody rain,
 Weep, weep, weep !

2 There cometh another voice sweetest of all,
 Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily !
 And my heart leapeth up at its glorious call,
 Merrily, merrily, merrily !

It comes like the soft touch of spring-tide unwrapping
The thrall of oppression that bound us ;
It comes like a choir of the seraphim, harping
Their gladsomest music around us, —
 “Hope, hope, hope !”
Yoke-fellows listen
Till tearful eyes glisten :
‘Tis the voice of the Future, the sweetest of all,
That makes the heart leap to its glorious call.
 Hope, hope, hope,
Brothers, step forth in the Future’s van,
 For the worst is past :
 Right conquers at last,
And the better day dawns upon suffering man,
 Hope, hope, hope !

Gerald Massey.

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XXXVII.

God is Forever with Man.

1 **S**ING, little bluebird, the message ye bring—
God is forever with man !
Cleave the soft air with a rapturous wing,—
God is forever with man !
Warble the story to forest and rill,
Sweep up the valley, and bear to the hill
The sacred refrain of your passionate trill,—
God is forever with man !

2 Open, bright roses, and blossom the thought,
God is forever with man !
Precious the meaning your beauty hath wrought.
God is forever with man !
Spread out the sweet revelations of bloom,
Lift and release from an ordorous tomb
The secret embalm'd in a humid perfume,—
God is forever with man !

3 Dance, happy billows, and say to the shore,
God is forever with man !
Echo, sea-gaverns, the truth everymore,
God is forever with man !
Bear on, creation, the symbol and sign
That being unfolds in an aura divine,
And soul moveth on in an infinite line :
God is forever with man !

August. Co. or Bristol.

XXXVIII.

Aphorisms.

Con.—Human spirits are always in some conjunction with higher spirits.
 Childr.—The lower things in creation acknowledge some dependance on the higher.

Leaders—The higher are informative, conservative motive of the lower.

Con.—In religious worship the presence of the mind may compensate for the absence of the body.

Childr.—But the presence of the body cannot compensate for the absence of the mind.

Con.—The noblest spirits are most sensible of the possibility of error.

Childr.—A man never gives God an offence if he does that which reason requires.

Rt. Div.—We are not to submit our understandings to the belief of those things which are contrary to our understandings.

Lt. Div.—We must have a reason for that which is above our reason.

Con.—Encouraging us, nevertheless, for our growth in strength and worthiness to assist in doing evils away.

All.—Especially those of the poor and misled.

Con.—And of all wants whatsoever, both of body and soul.

All.—As from time to time is due in the course of progress which he has ordained.

Con.—The human creature learning to know and to respect, more and more, the frame which his soul inhabits ;

All.—And the beautiful region of the universe in which it is sojourning.

Con.—Worthy of study for its wonders,

All.—And of admiration for its beauties ;

Con.—Of respect for its patience and its endeavours.

All.—And of love for its affections.

Con.—And of its place among the stars for its hopes.

All.—Giving us to see vast evidences of space and time and starry habitations.

Con.—With suns nobler and nobler, and like centres for other suns.

All.—As if to encourage our hearts and our understandings, onwards, and for ever.

Leigh Hunt.

—:o:—
 Con.—Let no man speak when he is himself in a passion ;

Childr.—Nor to any one that is so.

Con.—Truth is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument ; it is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock. A man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, and his letters of credit.

Dr. Whichcote.

XXXIX.

A Liturgy.

Con.—The heart bids us adore the great and serene mystery of the universe.

All.—The calmness and the goodness of God.

Con.—Constant as the heavens above the clouds.

All.—Yet working in them, and beneath them, for the hopes of earth.

Con.—Who, far as telescopes can discern, has sown the gulfs of space with planets as with seed-pearl.

All.—And yet is not more present in the remotest of them than he is in our own planet, which is one of his pearls also.

Con.—Inciting us to advance in knowledge and goodness.

All.—Through troubles which are not all trouble.

Con.—But sweeteners also of joy.

All.—And provers of affection.

Con.—Giving also termination to trouble.

Childr.—But no end to the hope of joys to come.

Con.—Who being therefore good in the evils which we understand,

All.—Is to be held equally so in those which are obscure to us.

Con.—Like the good and wise parents, whom their children sometimes misconstrue.

All.—But who are loved by them more and more as they grow up in wisdom themselves.

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XL.

God's Service.

Con.—Give all glory and duty to God.

All.—We are his servants and should learn to know and do His will.

Rt. Div.—Love all mankind.

Lt. Div.—Love God supremely.

Con.—Love is God's universal law on earth and in the spheres.

All.—We must obtain a knowledge of that law, and fulfil it to the best of our ability.

Con.—Apply all your energies first to obtaining a knowledge of yourselves, and improve whatever is there found, according to the will of Him whose service you seek.

XLI.

Public Duties.

Con.—Public and Private duty is in the end the same ; what we owe to ourselves we owe to our neighbour.

Leaders.—What we owe to our neighbour we owe to the whole world.

All.—This is the circle of humanity.

Con.—Every man is bound to have a general knowledge of the institutions under which he lives.

Leaders.—Of the existing state of the world, and of the progress which it has made.

Child.—He is bound to encourage the progress of knowledge and education.

Con.—To enquire calmly and without interruption to reasonable business what are the remedies for war, for poverty, for vice, and for all other great mistakes and imperfections.

Child.—To take care, as far as in him lies, that society is so much the better and wiser for his being a member of it. *Leigh Hunt.*

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XLII.

The Means and Ends of Social Endeavour.

Con.—What are the great means of all social endeavour?

Aur. Cir.—Unbounded enquiry.

Sun. Cir.—Unchallenged rights of conscience.

Mount. Cir.—Universal education—including knowledge of the bodily frame.

Con.—Universal extinction of the doctrine of fear by that of love.

Rt. Div.—Universal and reasonable employment.

Left Div.—Universal leisure.

Con.—What are its ends?

Rt. Div.—Universal healthy enjoyment of all the faculties, bodily and mental.

Lt. Div.—Universal love of the beautiful.

Aur. Cir.—Universal brotherhood.

Sun. Cir.—Universal Knowledge of Immortality.

Mount. Cir.—Universal trust in the goodness and all reconciling futurities of God.

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XLIII.

United Work

Come forth from the valley, come forth from the hill,

Come forth from the workshop, the mine and the mill ;

From pleasure or slumber, from study or play

Come forth in your myriads and aid us to day.

There's a word to be spoken, a deed to be done,

A truth to be uttered, a cause to be won—

Come forth in your myriads, come forth every one !

Come youths in your vigor, come men in your prime,
 Come age with experience, fresh gathered from time ;
 Come workers, you're welcome, come thinkers you must,
 Come thick as the clouds of the midsummer dust—
 Or the waves of the sea, gleaming bright in the sun,
 There's a truth to be told, and a cause to be won—
 Come forth in your myriads ! come forth every one.

Charles Mackay.

—:o:—

XLIV.

Spirit Visits.

WHEN in the busy haunts of men
 The meek immortals tread,
 The fragrance of the Spirit land
 Upon our souls they shed.

And when mid earthly toils they meet
 The lov'd ones of their care,
 They pluck a thorn from every breast
 And plant a blossom there.

For not like flow'rs of earthly mould
 The flowers of heaven are found—
 In angel hearts whose holy loves
 In deathless bloom abound.

Then be it ours through gentle deeds
 Of pure and perfect love
 To sow in human hearts the seeds
 Of flow'rs that bloom above.

—:o:—

XLV.

Love.

THERE is no virtue separate from love ;
 There is no virtue but is born of love ;
 All evil is the opposite, and dies
 When love hath won the beings to itself.
 To hate is not an attribute of man,
 But rather an inversion. Heaven is love.

All men are heavenly mansions built of God ;
 They vary in externals only ; all
 In organised interiors are the same.
 Harmonic manhood is the human form
 Of every human attribute complete,
 Exact and just in harmony of state.

XLVI.

Light.

LIGHT ! light in darkness ! the daylight dawns, raising the soul to the hope of glory.

Truth comes to mortals brighter than sunshine.

Man is advancing ; led by the Most High to endless life and blessings infinite.

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XLVII.

A few Practical Suggestions for Lyceum members and Friends.

By practical example, teach the beautiful rules of courtesy ; good manners are the blossom of good sense.

Let parents and guardians encourage the Lyceum by their presence at each session, and by taking part in the exercises. No person can be a dutiful Lyceum member and not grow in wisdom and in love. Expansion is for all, eternally.

Flowers are wonderfully cheering and beautiful ; let those who have them bring them in their season, they brighten the aspect of the Lyceum and if distributed among those who have them not may brighten many homes.

During the singing exercises, stand erect, holding your book nearly horizontal in front of the breast, low enough so that if it were raised to perpendicular it would not quite touch the chin ; take the same position for reading.

Members should practice deep breathing, you cannot sing or read with good effect unless the lungs are amply supplied with air ; replenish them when the pauses occur,

Do not fear precision in your deportment ; it is more conducive to grace than a slipshod, careless manner. In going to the platform to read or recite, go quietly, but with alacrity ; not as though you were in torture, and made your offering grudgingly : such a deportment will mar the pleasure of your listeners. Be glad to do what you can, and show this feeling in your face. Do not forget a respectful bow to your audience.

It is well for the younger groups to commit to memory and repeat moral maxims occasionally, or, if thought desirable, at every session.

Never get discouraged at cruel words from those who are not of your belief. Have faith in truth, and remember all cannot see alike. If any one should be unkind to you, you cannot afford to return it to him, since every sinful action stains your life.

